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D R A M A S ,
DISCOURSES, AND OTHER PIECES.

VOL. II.

DRAMAS,

DISCOURSES, AND OTHER PIECES,

97878

BY

A. A. Hillhouse
JAMES A. HILLHOUSE.

VOLUME II.

BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

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THE
J U D G M E N T,
A VISION.

VOL. II.

1

TO
JOHN TRUMBULL, ESQ.,
OF CONNECTICUT,
THE AUTHOR OF MCFINGAL,
THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY HIS OBLIGED
AND GRATEFUL FRIEND
THE AUTHOR.

BESIDE its intrinsic difficulties, the subject labors under a disadvantage too obvious to have escaped notice. It has so generally occupied the imaginations of believers in the Scriptures, that most have adopted respecting it their own notions: whoever selects it as a theme, therefore, exposes his work to criticism on account of its theology, as well as its poetry; and they who think the former objectionable, will not, easily, be pleased with the latter. The object, however, was not to declare opinions; but simply to present such a view of the last grand spectacle as seemed the most susceptible of poetical embellishment.

New York, April, 1821.

THE
J U D G M E N T .

I.

THE rites were past of that auspicious day
When white-robed altars wreathed with living green
Adorn the temples ; — when unnumbered tongues
Repeat the glorious anthem sung to harps
Of Angels while the star o'er Bethlehem stood ; —
When grateful hearts bow low, and deeper joy
Breathes in the Christian than the Angel song,
On the great birthday of our Priest and King.
That night, while musing on his wondrous life,
Precepts, and promises to be fulfilled,
A trance-like sleep fell on me, and a dream
Of dreadful character appalled my soul.
Wild was the pageant : — face to face with Kings,
Heroes, and Sages of old note, I stood ;
Patriarchs, and Prophets, and Apostles saw,
And venerable forms, ere round the globe
Shoreless and waste a weltering flood was rolled,
With Angels, compassing the radiant throne
Of Mary's Son, anew descended, crowned
With glory terrible, to judge the world.

II.

Methought I journeyed o'er a boundless plain
Unbroke by vale or hill, on all sides stretched,
Like circling ocean, to the low-browed sky ;
Save in the midst a verdant mount whose sides
Flowers of all hues and fragrant breath adorned.
Lightly I trod, as on some joyous quest,
Beneath the azure vault and early sun ;
But while my pleased eyes ranged the circuit green,
New light shone round ; a murmur came, confused,
Like many voices and the rush of wings.
Upward I gazed, and 'mid the glittering skies,
Begirt by flying myriads, saw a throne
Whose thousand splendors blazed upon the earth
Refulgent as another sun. Through clouds
They came, and vapors colored by Aurora,
Mingling in swell sublime, voices, and harps,
And sounding wings, and hallelujahs sweet.
Sudden, a Seraph that before them flew,
Pausing upon his wide-unfolded plumes,
Put to his mouth the likeness of a trump,
And toward the four winds four times fiercely breathed.
Doubling along the arch, the mighty peal
To Heaven resounded, Hell returned a groan,
And shuddering Earth a moment reeled, confounded,
From her fixed pathway as the staggering ship,
Stunned by some mountain billow, reels. The isles,
With heaving ocean, rocked : the mountains shook
Their ancient coronets : the avalanche
Thundered : silence succeeded through the nations.

Earth never listened to a sound like this.
It struck the general pulse of nature still,
And broke, for ever, the dull sleep of death.

III.

Now, o'er the mount the radiant legions hung,
Like plummy travellers from climes remote
On some sequestered isle about to stoop.
Gently its flowery head received the throne,
Cherubs and Seraphs, by ten thousands, round
Skirting it far and wide, like a bright sea,
Fair forms and faces, crowns, and coronets,
And glistening wings furled white and numberless.
About their Lord were those Seven glorious Spirits
Who in the Almighty's presence stand. Four leaned
On golden wands, with folded wings, and eyes
Fixed on the throne: one bore the dreadful Books,
The arbiters of life: another waved
The blazing ensign terrible, of yore,
To rebel Angels in the wars of Heaven:
What seemed a trump the other Spirit grasped,
Of wondrous size, wreathed multiform and strange.
Illustrious stood the Seven, above the rest
Towering, and like a constellation glowing,
What time the sphere-instructed Huntsman, taught
By Atlas, his star-studded belt displays
Aloft, bright-glittering, in the winter sky.

IV.

Then on the mount, amidst these glorious shapes,
Who reverent stood, with looks of sacred awe,
I saw EMMANUEL seated on his throne.
His robe, methought, was whiter than the light ;
Upon his breast the Heavenly Urim glowed
Bright as the sun, and round such lightnings flashed,
No eye could meet the mystic symbol's blaze.
Irradiant the eternal sceptre shone
Which wont to glitter in his Father's hand :
Resplendent in his face the Godhead beamed,
Justice and mercy, majesty and grace,
Divinely mingling. Celestial glories played
Around with beamy lustre ; from his eye
Dominion looked ; upon his brow was stamped
Creative Power. Yet over all the touch
Of gracious pity dwelt, which, erst, amidst
Dissolving nature's anguish breathed a prayer
For guilty man. Redundant down his neck
His locks rolled graceful, as they waved, of old,
Upon the mournful breeze of Calvary.

V.

His throne of heavenly substance seemed composed,
Whose pearly essence, like the eastern shell,
Or changeful opal, shed a silvery light.
Clear as the moon it looked through ambient clouds
Of snowy lustre waving round its base,
That, like a zodiac, thick with emblems set,
Flashed wondrous beams, of unknown character,

From many a burning stone of lustre rare,
Stained like the bow whose mingling splendor streamed
Confusion bright upon the dazzled eye.
Above him hung a canopy whose skirts
The mount o'ershadowed like an evening cloud.
Clouds were his curtains: not like their dim types
Of blue and purple round the tabernacle,
That waving vision of the lonely wild,
By pious Israel wrought with cherubims;
Veiling the mysteries of old renown,
Table, and altar, ark, and mercy-seat,
Where, 'twixt the shadow of cherubic wings,
In lustre visible Jehovah shone.

VI.

In honor chief, upon the Lord's right hand
His station Michael held: the dreadful sword
That from a starry baldrick hung, proclaimed
The Hierarch. Terrible, on his brow
Blazed the Archangel crown, and from his eye
Thick sparkles flashed. Like regal banners, waved
Back from his giant shoulders his broad vans,
Bedropt with gold, and, turning to the sun,
Shone gorgeous as the multitudinous stars,
Or some illumined city seen by night,
When her wide streets pour noon, and echoing through
Her thronging thousands mirth and music ring.
Opposed to him, I saw an Angel stand
In sable vesture, with the Books of Life.
Black was his mantle, and his changeful wings

Glossed like the raven's; thoughtful seemed his mien,
Sedate and calm, and deep upon his brow
Had Meditation set her seal: his eyes
Looked things unearthly, thoughts unutterable,
Or uttered only with an Angel's tongue.
Renowned was he among the Seraphim
For depth of prescience, and sublimest lore;
Skilled in the mysteries of the Eternal,
Profoundly versed in those old records where,
From everlasting ages, live God's deeds;
He knew the hour when yonder shining worlds,
That roll around us, into being sprang;
Their system, laws, connexion; all he knew
But the dread moment when they cease to be.
None judged like him the ways of God to man,
Or so had pondered; his excursive thoughts
Had visited the depths of Night and Chaos,
Gathering the treasures of the hoary deep.

VII.

Like ocean's billows seemed, ere this, the plain,
Confusedly heaving with a sumless host
From earth's and time's remotest bounds: a roar
Went up before the multitude, whose course
The unfurled banner guided, and the bow,
Zone of the universe, athwart the zenith
Sweeping its arch. In one vast conflux rolled,
Wave following wave, were men of every age,
Nation, and tongue; all heard the warning blast,
And, led by wondrous impulse, hither came.

Mingled in wild confusion, now, those met
In distant ages born. Gray forms, that lived
When Time himself was young, whose temples shook
The hoary honors of a thousand years,
Stood side by side with Roman Consuls : — here,
'Mid Prophets old, and Heaven-inspired Bards,
Were Grecian heroes seen : — there, from a crowd
Of reverend Patriarchs, towered the nodding plumes,
Tiars, and helms, and sparkling diadems
Of Persia's, Egypt's, or Assyria's Kings ;
Clad as when forth the hundred gates of Thebes
On sounding cars her hundred Princes rushed ;
Or, when, at night, from off the terrace top
Of his aërial garden, touched to soothe
The troubled Monarch, came the solemn chime
Of sackbut, psaltery, and harp, adown
The Euphrates, floating in the moonlight wide
O'er sleeping Babylon. For all appeared
As in their days of earthly pride ; the clank
Of steel announced the Warrior, and the robe
Of Tyrian lustre spoke the blood of Kings.
Though on the Angels while I gazed, their names
Appeared not, yet amongst the mortal throng
(Capricious power of dreams !) familiar seemed
Each countenance, and every name well known.

VIII.

Nearest the mount, of that mixed phalanx first,
Our general Parent stood : not as he looked
Wandering, at eve, amid the shady bowers

And odorous groves of that delicious garden,
Or flowery banks of some soft-rolling stream,
Pausing to list its lulling murmur, hand
In hand with peerless Eve, the rose too sweet,
Fatal to Paradise. Fled from his cheek
The bloom of Eden ; his hyacinthine locks
Were changed to gray ; with years and sorrows bowed
He seemed, but through his ruined form still shone
The majesty of his Creator : round
Upon his sons a grieved and pitying look
He cast, and in his vesture hid his face.

IX.

Close at his side appeared a martial form
Of port majestic, clad in massive arms,
Cowering above whose helm with outspread wings
The Roman eagle flew ; around its brim
Was charactered the name at which Earth's Queen
Bowed from her seven-fold throne and owned her lord.
In his dilated eye amazement stood ;
Terror, surprise, and blank astonishment
Blanched his firm cheek, as when, of old, close hemmed
Within the Capitol, amidst the crowd
Of traitors, fearless else, he caught the gleam
Of Brutus' steel. Daunted, yet on the pomp
Of towering Seraphim, their wings, their crowns,
Their dazzling faces, and upon the Lord
He fixed a steadfast look of anxious note,
Like that Pharsalia's hurtling squadrons drew
When all his fortunes hung upon the hour.

X.

Near him, for wisdom famous through the East,
Abraham rested on his staff; in guise
A Chaldee shepherd, simple in his raiment
As when at Mamre in his tent he sat,
The host of Angels. Snow-white were his locks
And silvery beard that to his girdle rolled.
Fondly his meek eye dwelt upon his Lord,
Like one, that, after long and troubled dreams,
A night of sorrows, dreary, wild, and sad,
Beholds, at last, the dawn of promised joys.

With kindred looks his great Descendant gazed.
Not in the poor array of shepherds he,
Nor in the many-colored coat, fond gift
Of doting age, and cause of direful hate;
But, stately as his native palm, his form
Was, like Egyptian Princes, proudly decked
In tissue purple sweeping to the ground.
Plumes from the desert waved above his head,
And down his breast the golden collar hung
Bestowed by Pharaoh when through Egypt word
Went forth to bow the knee as to her King.
Graced thus, his chariot with impetuous wheels
Bore him toward Goshen, where the fainting heart
Of Israel waited for his long-lost son,
The son of Rachel. Ah! had she survived
To see him in his glory! — As he rode,
His boyhood, and his mother's tent, arose,
Linked with a thousand recollections dear,
And Joseph's heart was in the tomb by Ephrath.

XI.

At hand, a group of Sages marked the scene.
Plato and Socrates together stood,
With him who measured by their shades those piles
Gigantic, 'mid the desert seen, at eve,
By toiling caravans for Memphis bound,
Peering like specks above the horizon's verge,
Whose huge foundations vanish in the mist
Of earliest time. Transfixed they seemed with wonder,
Awe-struck, — amazement rapt their inmost souls.
Such glance of deep inquiry and suspense
They threw around, as, in untutored ages,
Astronomers upon some dark eclipse,
Close counselling amidst the dubious light
If it portended Nature's death, or spoke
A change in Heaven. What thought they, then, of all
Their idle dreams, their proud Philosophy,
When on their wildered souls redemption, Christ,
And the Almighty broke? But, though they erred
When all was dark, they reasoned for the Truth.
They sought in earth, in ocean, and the stars,
Their maker, arguing from his works toward God;
And from his Word had not less nobly argued,
Had they beheld the Gospel sending forth
Its pure effulgence o'er the farthest sea,
Lighting the idol mountain-tops, and gilding
The banners of salvation there. These men
Ne'er slighted a Redeemer; of his name
They never heard. Perchance their late-found harps,
Mixing with Angel symphonies, may sound
In strains more rapturous things to them so new.

XII.

Nearer the mount stood Moses ; in his hand
The rod which blasted with strange plagues the realm
Of Misraim, and from its time-worn channels
Upturned the Arabian sea. Fair was his broad
High front, and forth from his soul-piercing eye
Did Legislation look ; which full he fixed
Upon the blazing panoply, undazzled.
No terrors had the scene for him who, oft,
Upon the thunder-shaken hill-top, veiled
With smoke and lightnings, with Jehovah talked,
And from his fiery hand received the Law.
Beyond the Jewish Ruler banded close,
A company full glorious, I saw
The twelve Apostles stand. O, with what looks
Of ravishment and joy, what rapturous tears,
What hearts of ecstasy, they gazed again
On their beloved Master ! what a tide
Of overwhelming thoughts pressed to their souls
When now, as he so frequent promised, throned,
And circled by the hosts of Heaven, they traced
The well-known lineaments of him who shared
Their wants and sufferings here ! Full many a day
Of fasting spent with him, and night of prayer,
Rushed on their swelling hearts. Before the rest,
Close to the Angelic spears, had Peter urged,
Tears in his eye, love throbbing at his breast,
As if to touch his vesture, or to catch
The murmur of his voice. On him and them
Jesus beamed down benignant looks of love.

XIII.

How diverse from the front sublime of Paul,
Or pale and placid dignity of him
Who in the lonely Isle saw Heaven unveiled,
Was his who in twelve summers won a world !
Not such his countenance nor garb, as when
He foremost breasted the broad Granicus,
Dark-rushing through its steeps from lonely Ida,
His double-tufted plume conspicuous mark
Of every arrow ; cheering his bold steed
Through pikes, and spears, and threatening axes, up
The slippery bank through all their chivalry,
Princes and Satraps linked for Cyrus' throne,
With cuirass pierced, cleft helm, and plumeless head,
To youthful conquest : or, when, panic-struck,
Darius from his plunging chariot sprang,
Away the bow and mantle cast, and fled.
His robe, all splendid from the silk-worm's loom,
Floated effeminate, and from his neck
Hung chains of gold, and gems from Eastern mines.
Bedight with many-colored plumage, flamed
His proud tiara, plumage which had spread
Its glittering dies of scarlet, green, and gold,
To evening suns by Indus' stream : around
Twined careless, glowed the white and purple band,
The imperial sacred badge of Persia's kings.
Thus his triumphal car in Babylon
Displayed him, drawn by snow-white elephants,
Whose feet crushed odors from the flowery wreaths
Boy-Cupids scattered, while soft music breathed

And incense fumed around. But dire his hue,
Bloated and bacchanal as on the night
When old Persepolis was wrapped in flame !
Fear, over all had flung a livid tinge.
A deeper awe subdued him than amazed
Parmenio and the rest, when they beheld
The white-stoled Levites from Jerusalem,
Thrown open as on some high festival,
With hymns and solemn pomp, come down the hill
To meet the incensed King, and wondering saw,
As on the Pontiff's awful form he gazed,
Glistering in purple with his mystic gems,
Jove's vaunted son, at Jaddua's foot, adore.

XIV.

Turn, now, where stood the spotless Virgin : sweet
Her azure eye, and fair her golden ringlets ;
But changeful as the hues of infancy
Her face. As on her son, her God, she gazed,
Fixed was her look, — earnest, and breathless ; — now,
Suffused her glowing cheek ; now, changed to pale ; —
First, round her lip a smile celestial played,
Then, fast, fast rained the tears. — Who can interpret ? —
Perhaps some thought maternal crossed her heart ;
That mused on days long passed, when on her breast
He helpless lay, and of his infant smile ;
Or, on those nights of terror when, from worse
Than wolves, she hasted with her babe to Egypt.

XV.

Girt by a crowd of Monarchs, of whose fame
Scarce a memorial lives, who fought and reigned
While the historic lamp shed glimmering light,
Above the rest one regal port aspired,
Crowned like Assyria's princes ; not a crest
O'ertopped him save the giant Seraphim.
His countenance, more piercing than the beam
Of the sun-gazing eagle, earthward bent
Its haught, fierce majesty tempered with awe.
Seven years with brutish herds had quelled his pride,
And taught him there 's a mightier King in Heaven.
His powerful arm founded old Babylon,
Whose bulwarks like the eternal mountains heaved
Their adamantine heads, whose brazen gates
Beleaguering nations foiled, and bolts of war,
Unshaken, answered as the pelting hail.
House of the Kingdom ! glorious Babylon !
Earth's marvel, and of unborn time the theme !
Say where thou stood'st : — or, can the fisherman
Plying his task on the Euphrates, now,
A silent, silver, unpolluted tide,
Point to thy grave, and answer ? From a sash
O'er his broad shoulder hung the ponderous sword,
Fatal as sulphurous fires to Nineveh,
That levelled with her waves the walls of Tyrus
Queen of the Sea, to its foundations shook
Jerusalem, and reaped the fields of Egypt.

XVI.

Endless the task to name the multitudes
From every land, from isles remote, in seas
Which no adventurous mariner has sailed : —
From desert-girdled cities, of whose pomp
Some solitary wanderer, by the stars
Conducted o'er the burning wilderness,
Has told a doubted tale : as Europe's sons
Describing Mexic' and, in fair Peru,
The gorgeous Temple of the Sun, its Priests,
Its Virgin, and its fire for ever bright,
Were fblers deemed, and, for belief, met scorn.
Around while gazing thus, far in the sky
Appeared what looked, at first, a moving star ;
But onward, wheeling through the clouds it came,
With brightening splendor and increasing size,
Till within ken a fiery chariot rushed,
By flaming horses drawn, whose heads shot forth
A twisted, horn-like beam. O'er its fierce wheels
Two shining forms alighted on the mount,
Of mortal birth, but deathless rapt to Heaven.
Adown their breasts their loose beards floated, white
As mist by moonbeams silvered ; fair they seemed,
And bright as Angels ; fellowship with Heaven
Their mortal grossness so had purified.
Lucent their mantles ; other than the Seer
By Jordan caught ; and in the Prophet's face
A mystic lustre, like the Urim's, gleamed.

XVII.

Now for the dread tribunal all prepared,
Before the throne the Angel with the Books
Ascending kneeled, and crossing on his breast
His sable pinions there the volumes spread.
A second summons echoed from the trump,
Thrice sounded, when the mighty work began.
Waved onward by a Seraph's wand, the sea
Of palpitating bosoms toward the mount
In silence rolled. No sooner had the first
Pale tremblers its mysterious circle touched
Than instantaneous, swift as fancy's flash,
As lightning darting from the summer cloud,
Its past existence rose before the soul,
With all its deeds, with all its secret store
Of embryo works, and dark imaginings.
Amidst the chaos, thoughts as numberless
As whirling leaves when autumn strips the woods,
Light and disjointed as the Sibyl's, thoughts
Scattered upon the waste of long dim years,
Passed in a moment through the quickened soul.
Not with the glozing eye of earth beheld;
They saw as with the glance of Deity.
Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast,
Decided. Self acquitted or condemned,
Through two broad glittering avenues of spears
They crossed the Angelic squadrons, right, or left
The Judgment-seat; by power supernal led
To their allotted stations on the plain.
As onward, onward, numberless, they came,

And touched, appalled, the verge of Destiny,
The Heavenly Spirits inly sympathized : —
When youthful saints, or martyrs scarred and white,
With streaming faces, hands ecstatic clasped,
Sprang to the right, celestial beaming smiles
A ravishing beauty to their radiance gave ;
But downcast looks of pity chilled the left.
What clenched hands, and frenzied steps were there !
Yet, on my shuddering soul, the stifled groan,
Wrung from some proud Blasphemer as he rushed,
Constrained by conscience, down the path of death,
Knells horrible. — On all the hurrying throng
The unerring pen stamped, as they passed, their fate.
Thus, in a day, amazing thought ! were judged
The millions since from the Almighty's hand,
Launched on her course, earth rolled rejoicing. Whose
The doom to penal fires, and whose to joy,
From man's presumption mists and darkness veil.
So passed the day ; divided stood the world,
An awful line of separation drawn,
And from his labors the Messiah ceased.

XVIII.

By this, the sun his westering car drove low ;
Round his broad wheel full many a lucid cloud
Floated, like happy isles, in seas of gold :
Along the horizon castled shapes were piled,
Turrets and towers whose fronts embattled gleamed
With yellow light : smit by the slanting ray,
A ruddy beam the canopy reflected ;

With deeper light the ruby blushed ; and thick
Upon the Seraphs' wings the glowing spots
Seemed drops of fire. Uncoiling from its staff
With fainter wave, the gorgeous ensign hung,
Or, swelling with the swelling breeze, by fits,
Cast off upon the dewy air huge flakes
Of golden lustre. Over all the hill,
The Heavenly legions, the assembled world,
Evening her crimson tint for ever drew.

XIX.

But while at gaze, in solemn silence, Men
And Angels stood, and many a quaking heart
With expectation throbbed ; about the throne
And glittering hill-top slowly wreathed the clouds,
Erewhile like curtains for adornment hung,
Involving Shiloh and the Seraphim
Beneath a snowy tent. The bands around,
Eyeing the gonfalon that through the smoke
Towered into air, resembled hosts who watch
The King's pavilion where, ere battle hour,
A council sits. What their consult might be,
Those seven dread Spirits and their Lord, I mused,
I marvelled. Was it grace, and peace ? — or death ?
Was it of Man ? — Did pity for the Lost
His gentle nature wring, who knew, who felt
How frail is this poor tenement of clay ? * —

* For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched
with the feeling of our infirmities. — HEB. iv. 15.

Arose there from the misty tabernacle
A cry like that upon Gethsemané ? —
What passed in Jesus' bosom none may know,
But close the cloudy dome invested him ;
And, weary with conjecture, round I gazed
Where in the purple west, no more to dawn,
Faded the glories of the dying day.
Mild twinkling through a crimson-skirted cloud
The solitary star of Evening shone.
While gazing wistful on that peerless light
Thereafter to be seen no more, (as, oft,
In dreams strange images will mix,) sad thoughts
Passed o'er my soul. Sorrowing, I cried, " Farewell,
Pale, beauteous Planet, that displayest so soft
Amid yon glowing streak thy transient beam,
A long, a last farewell ! Seasons have changed,
Ages, and empires rolled, like smoke, away,
But thou, unaltered, beamest as silver fair
As on thy birthnight ! Bright and watchful eyes,
From palaces and bowers, have hailed thy gem
With secret transport ! Natal star of love,
And souls that love the shadowy hour of fancy,
How much I owe thee, how I bless thy ray !
How oft thy rising o'er the hamlet green,
Signal of rest, and social converse sweet,
Beneath some patriarchal tree, has cheered
The peasant's heart, and drawn his benison !
Pride of the West ! beneath thy placid light
The tender tale shall never more be told,
Man's soul shall never wake to joy again :
Thou set'st for ever, — lovely Orb, farewell ! "

XX.

Low warblings, now, and solitary harps
Were heard among the Angels, touched and tuned
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft
To Cherub voices ; louder as they swelled,
Deep strings struck in, and hoarser instruments,
Mixed with clear silver sounds, till concord rose
Full as the harmony of winds to Heaven ;
Yet sweet as nature's springtide melodies
To some worn Pilgrim first with glistening eyes
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds
Of rural gladness, herds, and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,
The dash of waters, reed, or rustic pipe,
Blent with the dulcet, distance-mellowed bell,
Come, like the echo of his early joys.
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And Heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

XXI.

Calm, deep, and silent was the tide of joy
That rolled o'er all the Blessed ; visions of bliss,
Rapture too mighty, swelled their hearts to bursting ;
Prelude to Heaven it seemed, and in their sight
Celestial glories swam. How fared, alas !
That other Band ? Sweet to their troubled minds
The solemn scene ; ah ! doubly sweet the breeze

Refreshing, and the purple light to eyes
But newly oped from that benumbing sleep
Whose dark and drear abode no cheering dream,
No bright-hued vision ever enters, souls
For ages pent, perhaps, in some dim world
Where guilty spectres stalk the twilight gloom.
For, like the spirit's last seraphic smile,
The Earth, anticipating now her tomb,
To rise, perhaps, as Heaven magnificent,
Appeared Hesperian : gales of gentlest wing
Came fragrance-laden, and such odors shed
As Yemen never knew, nor those blest Isles
In Indian seas where the voluptuous breeze
The peaceful Native breathes, at eventide,
From nutmeg groves and bowers of cinnamon.
How solemn on their ears the choral note
Swelled of the Angel hymn ! so late escaped
The cold embraces of the grave, whose damp
Silence no voice or stringed instrument
Has ever broke ! Yet with the murmuring breeze
Full sadly chimed the music and the song,
For with them came the memory of joys
For ever past, the stinging thought of what
They once had been, and of their future lot.
To their grieved view the passages of Earth
Delightful rise, their tender ligaments
So dear, they heeded not an after state,
Though by a fearful Judgment ushered in.
A Bridegroom fond, who lavished all his heart
On his Beloved, forgetful of the Man

Of many sorrows, who, for him, resigned
His meek and spotless spirit on the cross,
Has marked among the Blessed Bands, arrayed
Celestial in a spring of beauty doomed
No more to fade, the charmer of his soul,
Her cheek soft blooming like the dawn in Heaven.
He recollects the days when on his smile
She lived ; when, gently leaning on his breast,
Tears of intense affection dimmed her eyes,
Of dove-like lustre. — Thoughtless, now, of him
And earthly joys, eternity and Heaven
Engross her soul. — What more accursed pang
Can Hell inflict ? With her, in realms of light,
In never-dying bliss, he might have rolled
Eternity away ; but now, for ever,
Torn from his Bride new-found, with cruel Fiends,
Or Men like Fiends, must waste and weep. Now, now,
He mourns with burning, bitter drops his days
Misspent, probation lost, and Heaven despised.
Such thoughts from many a bursting heart drew forth
Groans, lamentations, and despairing shrieks,
That on the silent air came from afar.

XXII.

As, when from some proud capital that crowns
Imperial Ganges, the reviving breeze
Sweeps the dank mist, or hoary river fog
Impervious mantled o'er her highest towers,
Bright on the eye rush Brahma's temples capped

With spiry tops, gay-trellised minarets,
Pagods of gold, and mosques with burnished domes,
Gilded, and glistening in the morning sun,
So from the hill the cloudy curtains rolled,
And, in the lingering lustre of the eve,
Again the Saviour and his Seraphs shone.
Emitted sudden in his rising, flashed
Intenser light, as toward the right hand host
Mild turning with a look ineffable,
The invitation he proclaimed in accents
Which on their ravished ears poured thrilling, like
The silver sound of many trumpets heard
Afar in sweetest jubilee ; then, swift
Stretching his dreadful sceptre to the left
That shot forth horrid lightnings, in a voice
Clothed but in half its terrors, yet to them
Seemed like the crush of Heaven, pronounced the doom.
The sentence uttered, as with life instinct,
The throne uprose majestically slow ;
Each angel spread his wings ; in one dread swell
Of triumph mingling as they mounted, trumpets,
And harps, and golden lyres, and timbrels sweet,
And many a strange and deep-toned instrument
Of Heavenly minstrelsy unknown on Earth,
And Angels' voices, and the loud acclaim
Of all the ransomed, like a thunder-shout.
Far through the skies melodious echoes rolled,
And faint hosannas distant climes returned.

XXIII.

Down from the lessening multitude came faint
And fainter still the trumpet's dying peal,
All else in distance lost, when to receive
Their new inhabitants the heavens unfolded.
Up gazing, then, with streaming eyes, a glimpse
The Wicked caught of Paradise, whence streaks
Of splendor, golden quivering radiance shone,
As when the showery evening sun takes leave,
Breaking a moment o'er the illumined world.
Seen far within, fair forms moved graceful by,
Slow turning to the light their snowy wings.
A deep-drawn agonizing groan escaped
The hapless Outcasts, when upon the Lord
The glowing portals closed. Undone, they stood
Wistfully gazing on the cold, gray heaven,
As if to catch, alas ! a hope not there.
But shades began to gather, night approached
Murky and lowering : round with horror rolled
On one another their despairing eyes
That glared with anguish : starless, hopeless gloom
Fell on their souls, never to know an end.
Though in the far horizon lingered yet
A lurid gleam, black clouds were mustering there ;
Red flashes, followed by low muttering sounds,
Announced the fiery tempest doomed to hurl
The fragments of the Earth again to Chaos.
Wild gusts swept by, upon whose hollow wing
Unearthly voices, yells, and ghastly peals

Of demon laughter came. Infernal shapes
Flitted along the sulphurous wreaths, or plunged
Their dark, impure abyss, as sea-fowl dive
Their watery element. — O'erwhelmed with sights
And sounds appalling, I awoke ; and found
For gathering storms, and signs of coming woe,
The midnight moon gleaming upon my bed
Serene and peaceful. Gladly I surveyed her
Walking in brightness through the stars of heaven,
And blessed the respite ere the day of doom.

SACHEM'S-WOOD;

A

SHORT POEM,

WITH NOTES.

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

The sweet-blowing breezes of these regenerated times have stimulated a before drooping fancy, (even in extremely warm weather!) to the task of weaving a few rhymes; which, as they relate to local matters, I beg you to accept, as a testimony of renewed pleasure and pride in my native State.

New Haven, 30 July, 1838.

SACHEM'S - WOOD.

FAREWELL to "*Highwood*"! name made dear
By lips we never more can hear!
That came, unsought for, as I lay,
Musing o'er landscapes far away;
Expressive just of what one sees,
The upland slope, the stately trees;
Oaks, prouder that beneath their shade
His lair the valiant Pequot made,
Whose name, whose gorgon *lock* alone,
Turned timid hearts to demi-stone.
Within this green pavilion stood,
Oft, the dark princes of the wood,
Debating whether Philip's cause
Were paramount to Nature's laws; —
Whether the tomahawk and knife
Should, at his bidding, smoke with life; —
Or pact endure, with guileless hands,
Pipes lit for peace, and *paid-for* lands,
With men, who slighted frowns from kings,
Yet kept their faith in humblest things,

The "Pillars" of our infant state, ⁽¹⁾
Shafts, now, in Zion's upper gate.

How changed, how softened, since the *trail*
Suddenly turned the finder pale ;
Since Highwood's dells, a tangled brake,
Harboured the otter, deer, and snake ;
Since to St. Ronan's sparkling brink
The wolf and wildcat came to drink ;
Since our good sires, in their old hall,
Met armed for combat, prayer, and all !
Now, from this bench, the gazer sees
Towers and white steeples o'er the trees,
Mansions that peep from leafy bowers,
And villas blooming close by ours ;
Hears the grave clocks, and classic bell,
Hours for the mind and body tell ;
Or starts, and questions, as the gong
Bids urchins not disport too long.
A blended murmur minds the ear
That an embosomed City 's near.
See ! how its guardian Giants tower,
Changing their aspects with the hour ! —
There, *Sassacus*,* in shade or glow,
Hot with the noon, or white with snow,
Dark in the dawn, at evening red,
Or rolling vapors round his head,
A type of grandeur ever stands,
From God's benignant, graceful hands !
Once, on his top the Pequot stood,
And gazed o'er all the world of wood,

* East Rock.

Eyed the blue Sound, and scanned the bays,
Distinct in evening's mellow rays,
For ships, pursuing on the main,
As Mason tracked him o'er the plain.
Like a green map, lay all below,
With glittering veins where rivers flow.
The Island loomed, in soft repose ; —
No spire, no mast, no mansion rose ; —
Smokes, here and there, from out the screen
Denoted still an Indian scene ;
One, only, native roof he sees,
Where Belmont now o'erlooks the trees. ⁽²⁾
The distance stretched in haze away,
As from his Mount by Mystic bay,
Whence, as the calumet went round,
His eyes could measure all the Sound,
Or, in the boundless Ocean, find
Delight for his untutored mind.
Far eastward steals his glistening eye,
There, where his throne, his people lie,
Lie prostrate — subjects, children, power,
All, all extinguished in an hour. ⁽³⁾
The heart-wrung savage turned aside, —
But no tears stained a Pequot's pride ;
The dark hand spread upon his breast,
Only, the wampum grasped and pressed :
He turned, — he stopped, — took one last view, —
And then, like Regulus, withdrew.
These mountains, rivers, woods, and plain,
Ne'er saw the Pequot King again ;

Far in the regions of the west,
The Mohawk sent him to his rest.
No Pale-face boasted ; none made bold
To touch that lock, till he was cold.

Shall no memorial in the land
Remain of Sassacus ? Like sand
Beat by the sea, shall every trace
Of the great spirit of his race,
Be swept away ? — No longer, tame
Mountains by an ignoble name.
Let SASSACUS for ever tower,
Changing his aspect with the hour ! (4)

In the soft west, as day declines,
The REGICIDE,* his rival, shines ;
Whose noble outline on the sky
Draws, and detains, the enamoured eye,
For, floating there, the steeds of eve
Flakes from their ruddy nostrils leave.
In *his* wild solitudes, of old,
The patriot Outlaws kept their hold.
When foreign optics that way dart,
A thrill electric wakes the heart ;
Imagination hurries o'er
Our early annals, and before ;
Flits, and is gone, from that lone Rock,
To the sad pageant of the block.

Seldom, a real scene you see
So full of sweet variety ;
The gentle objects near at hand,
The distant, flowing, bold, and grand.

* West Rock.

I 've seen the world, from side to side,
Walked in the ways of human pride,
Mused in the palaces of kings,
And know what wealth to grandeur brings ;
The spot for *me*, of all the earth,
Is this, the dear one of my birth.
Go, search the page of Grecian lore,
Scan all the men, and deeds, of yore,
Read *how* the Kingless Power grew great,
And note how wolf-cubs found a state ;
Go, feast among the Feudal brave ;
Go, quaff with robbers in their cave ;
Try, what distinction reason's eye
'Twixt towers and caverns can espy.
Then mark how our " Seven Pillars " rise,
Built up, like those which prop the skies,
On Justice, Truth, and Peace, and Love,
With Grace cemented from Above !
Where is the violence or wrong
Done to the weak, as we grew strong ?
Where is the record of disgrace
We blush, or ought to blush, to face ?
What landless Indian could declare
Our shameful arts to peel him bare ?
Or, justly change, if armed with powers,
A mete or landmark claimed as ours ?
The spot most *blameless* of the earth
Is this, the sweet one of my birth ;
This, and the land where virtuous Penn
Followed his Saviour out, with men.

Vicarious agency, we know,
Is Heaven's proceeding here below.
Through others' faith, in others' stead,
Mercies find access to our head.
Our fathers' noble self-denial
Purchased a treasure we 've *on trial* ;
Which low ambition, avarice, crimes,
May turn to dross in after times.
They, who, in Newman's barn, laid down
Scripture "foundations" for the town ; ⁽⁵⁾
The men, I say, whose practic mind
Left Locke and Plato far behind,
They drank the cup, they bore the pain,
And see ! what crowns our native plain !

So, by another's taste and toil,
Highwood was snatched from common soil,
Its oaks preserved, and we placed here,
With thanks to crown the circling year.
Ah ! what a race by *him* was run,
Whose day began before the sun ;
Who, at the sultry hour of noon,
Felt action, action still a boon ;
Who, at the weary shut of eve,
No respite needed, no reprieve ;
But, in those hours when others rest,
Kept public care upon his breast !
Need we demand a cherished thought
For one whose lavish labors brought
Health, comfort, value, praise, and grace,
(Even for our bones a resting-place,)

To the loved spot for which he stood,
When neighbour townsmen gasped in blood ? —
But Heaven leaves not to human praise
The recompense of well-spent days.
The cheerful morn, the short, sweet night,
The mind, as sunshine, ever bright,
Approving conscience, growing store ;
(For though God took, he gave back more ;)
A breast, like Hector's, of such space,
That strength and sweetness could embrace ;
Power to endure, and soul to feel
No hardship such, for others' weal ;
Ardor, that logic could not shake ;
Resource, the nonplus ne'er to *take* ;
A filial love of mother earth,
That made keen labor sweet as mirth ; —
All, brought him to his age so green,
Stamped him so reverend, so serene,
A stranger cried, (half turning round,)
“ That face is worth a thousand pound ! ”
Urged by a simple, antique zeal,
Which *spoils*-men are too wise to feel,
He traversed States like stents for boys ; (6)
Huge forests pierced o'er *corduroys* ; —
Now, grain by grain, the folios sifted,
Through which some Proteus title shifted ; —
Now, o'er deep fords, by night, as day,
O'er mountain ledges, picked his way ;
Here, on his path, the savage glaring,
There, savage whites his gray head daring : —

Still, — rain, or snow, or mirk, or mire, —
Tracks were the tokens of the sire !
Tracks of a minim called Young Jin,
His sulky *that* you see me in !
The patient sparkle in his eye,
Said he would *yet* sup Jordan dry. (7)
Fancy oft bids affection mark
His little, onward-toiling ark,
Like a dark speck, on some hill's breast,
Climbing, to vanish in the West ;
And asks, what thoughts sustained and cheered,
What were his hopes, and what he feared ?
If aught he feared, 't was not that Eye,
Certain the upright to descry,
That watched through houseless wilds his way,
Kept him in darkness safe as day,
And, doubtless, soothed his journeyings lone,
As that meek Servant's of his own.
Like a ripe ear, at last he bends
Close on the brink, that trial ends.
None saw *his* spirit in decay,
Or marked his vigor ebb away.
Grace bade him lay his own white head,
For the last time, on his own bed,
Then, as to spare the gloom of death,
Took, at a draft, the *Sachem's* breath. (8)

But other Highwoods meet the ear,
Making our home scarce ours appear.
Something uncommon, something wild,
Peculiar to the Forest child,

Would please me more than any name
To which another can lay claim.
So farewell Highwood!—"Highwood-*Park*"
O'ersteps the democratic mark :
We never gave it, or desired,
We never owned it, or admired.
A Yankee, — Whig, — and gentleman,
Should be a plain republican ; —
Proud he may be, (some *honest* pride
Would do no harm on t' other side,)
Proud *for* his country, but not full
Of puffy names, like Mr. Bull ;
Proud of his good old Federal stock ;
Ready to give for 't word or knock ;
Fouling no nest in which he grew,
As many modern patriots do ;
Flinching from no man's sneer or ire ;
Sticking to truth, through print and fire ;
Dead against demagogues and tricks ;
Staunch as the Whig of Seventy-six,
Whose grass-grown remnants, yonder, feel
More genuine warmth for human weal,
Than all the "crib-fed" knaves and drones,
That praise and pick us to the bones.

Ancestral woods ! must we forego
An epithet we love and know,
For some new title, and proclaim
That *steady folk* have changed their *name*.
'T were ominous ; — it should not be ; —
It looks like *turning*. — Hold ! let 's see ; —

The name, I swear, I won by wit,
I poached on no man, — stole not it, —
'T was branded on my rakes and hoes,
Before the other Highwood rose.
Yet legends say that Geoffrey Crayon,
Cruising round Weehawk one play day on,
(For where "auld Hornie!" has not he
Spooked 'twixt the prairies and the sea?) ⁽⁹⁾
There, where your eye, at once, controls
Sails from the tropics and the poles,
The belted city, glorious bay,
And, northward, God's and Clinton's way,
Down which an empire's harvests ride, ⁽¹⁰⁾
And Fulton's smoking chariots glide;
Christened the trees, that then peeped o'er
The bastions of that haughty shore,
Highwood. — Pray how could I
Know, or suspect a thing so sly? —
And were *that* Highwood now the den ⁽¹¹⁾
Of foxes, or that kind of men,
Egad! I 'd hurl the name so far,
It ne'er my tympanum could jar.
But when we reason something higher,
Observe, there, people we admire;
Of *proven* worth, urbane, and true;
Keeping the line their fathers drew;
A graceful vine, a noble shoot,
Each from a venerated root; ⁽¹²⁾
Good stock, good nurture, and a tone,
I hope as *Federal* as mine own, —

I scarcely can confess my pain,
And half am tempted to refrain. —
But memory's glass is at mine eye ; —
And shadows pass of things gone by.
The *Sachem's* day is o'er, is o'er !
His hatchet (buried oft before) ⁽¹³⁾
In earnest rusts ; while he has found,
Far off, a choicer hunting-ground.
Here, where in life's aspiring stage,
He planned a wigwam for his age,
Vowing the woodman's murderous steel
These noble trunks should never feel ;
Here, where the objects of his care,
Waved grateful o'er his silver hair ;
Here, where as silent moons roll by,
We think of him beyond the sky,
Resting among the Wise and Good,
Our hearts decide for SACHEM'S-WOOD.

Sachem's-Wood, 30 July, 1838.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

The "Pillars" of our infant state. — p. 38.

Seven in number, with John Davenport and Theophilus Eaton at their head, the founders of New Haven, then a separate jurisdiction. (See Professor Kingsley's Historical Discourse on the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Settlement of New Haven.)

NOTE II.

Where Belmont now o'erlooks the trees. — p. 39.

The name by which its former owners designated the eminence on which Henry Whitney, Esq., is now erecting a seat, — in full and near view from the top of Sassacus. The time alluded to was the year 1637. New Haven was founded in 1638.

NOTE III.

All, all extinguished in an hour. — p. 39.

"Thus," (at the taking of Mystic Fort,) "parents and children, the sannup and squaw, the old man and the babe, perished in promiscuous ruin." — *Trumb.* Vol. I. p. 86.

NOTE IV.

*Let Sassacus for ever tower,
Changing his aspect with the hour! — p. 40.*

Sassacus was the great prince of the nation. — "When the English began their settlements at Connecticut," (a previous

affair to the establishment of New Haven,) he had "twenty-six Sachems under him." — "His principal fort was on a commanding and most beautiful eminence, in the town of Groton, a few miles southeasterly from Fort Griswold. It commanded one of the finest prospects of the Sound and the adjacent country, which is to be found on the coast. He had another fort near Mystic River, a few miles to the eastward of this, called Mystic Fort. This was also erected on a beautiful hill or eminence, gradually descending to the south and southeast." — "The Pequots, Mohegans, and Niantics could doubtless muster a thousand bowmen." — The Narragansets said of Sassacus, that he "was all one God; no man could kill him." — *Trumb.* Vol. I. pp. 41–43.

The lock from his scalp, was carried to Boston by Mr. Ludlow, "as a rare sight, and sure demonstration of the death of their mortal enemy." — *Ib.* 92.

Of this formidable individual, Roger Wolcott, one of the old governors of Connecticut, says,

"Great was his glory, greater still his pride,
Much by himself, and others, magnified."

NOTE V.

*They, who, in Newman's barn, laid down
Scripture "foundations" for the town.* — p. 42.

See Kingsley's Discourse; also Bacon's Historical Sermons.

NOTE VI.

He traversed States like stents for boys. — p. 43.

Stints is the proper word.

NOTE VII.

Said he would yet sup Jordan dry. — p. 44.

"He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth; his nose pierceth through snares." — *Job, of Behemoth.*

NOTE VIII.

Took, at a draft, the Sachem's breath. — p. 44.

The *sobriquet* by which James Hillhouse was known in Congress and elsewhere. — The result of his labors in behalf of the Connecticut School Fund, alluded to in some of the foregoing lines, may be taken in the words of a scrupulous and well-informed narrator, it having been previously stated, that its affairs had fallen into an entangled condition. "The best friends of that fund, and those most acquainted with its history, have said, that they would have been happy to have realized from it, at that time, eight hundred thousand dollars. After fifteen years' management, he left it increased to one million seven hundred thousand dollars of solid property. The difference was to be ascribed to his skill, his fidelity, his accuracy, his patience, and his wonderful and indefatigable industry. While that fund shall be perpetuated, and shall continue to carry through all the streets of our cities, and every rude, secluded hamlet among our hills, the blessings of instruction, it will stand a monument to his faithful and disinterested patriotism." — The toils he underwent, (for the property consisted chiefly in lands scattered in five States, some parts of them then very difficult of access,) and the expedients he resorted to, in accomplishing his great objects, cannot even be shadowed here. They were highly curious and interesting. He was literally "in journeyings often, — in watchings often, — in hunger and thirst, — in perils from robbers, — in perils in the wilderness," — to say nothing of his perils nearer home, "among false brethren." Once, he was frost-bitten; losing, in consequence, during the greater part of a winter, and far from his family, the use of one eye: but I have been assured that he did not, even then, spare the other. Once he was arrested as a criminal, by an enraged debtor, who, in his own neighbourhood, exercised a party influence, and but just escaped the indignity of a prison. Twice he was brought to death's door, by

fevers taken in the unsettled and unwholesome regions he was obliged to visit. When persuaded, with some difficulty, that the public welfare required him at this arduous post, in the same *spirit* in which Mr. Jay, yielding to the arguments of Washington, undertook the ungracious task of the British treaty, he flung up his third term in the Senate of the United States, then just commencing,* and entered on a series of exertions, in which he displayed a fortitude, a perseverance, and a practical sagacity, that have never failed to excite surprise. The power of bodily endurance would have been nothing without the infinite tact in business; skill would have fallen short of its objects without miraculous patience and perseverance; and nothing could have disarmed opposition, but that natural spring of sweetness in his disposition, which perpetually welled out in the midst of appalling labors, and converted, in many, many instances, the suspicious and intractable into sincere and zealous friends. The astonishing little animal he drove for six or eight of the first years, sometimes took the *Sachem* seventy miles in a day. On one occasion, he pushed her thirty miles after twilight, *without stopping*; having been dogged by two ruffians, in a desolate part of the country, who attempted to deprive him of his trunk. It contained, unknown to them, twenty thousand dollars of the public money. After putting them to flight, he thought it prudent to make as *many* tracks as possible. Her subsequent blindness he ascribed to the severe drive of that memorable evening. Her "going like a greyhound," as she descended the Onondaga hollow, was described to me there,

* He came into the Senate in 1796, in the place either of Chief Justice Ellsworth, or of Governor Trumbull, who both went out the same year; served the remainder of his predecessor's term, went through two terms of his own, and had commenced the third, when his resignation took place in 1810, — having been fourteen years in the Senate, and five in the House of Representatives. He was three times elected to Congress under the Old Confederation, but declined taking his seat. The foregoing dates are from the American Almanac, for 1834.

years after she was as stiff as the steeds of Rhesus. — As a friend once said of the business letters of Mr. Astor, Every word weighs a pound ; or, as the leaves of the Sybil, which, though light enough for the wind, were full of ponderous meaning, — so, reader, couldst thou peruse these flimsy verses through my spectacles, thou wouldst find in some of them more “than meets the ear.” As an illustration of the words,

“Now, o’er deep fords, by night, as day,”

take the following : — After half a day’s solitary travelling, the *Sachem* once came to a stream, apparently swollen with rain, to an unusual depth. It was necessary to cross it, or be frustrated of his objects, besides measuring back a weary way. He undressed himself, strapped his trunk of clothes, papers, &c., on the top of his sulky, and reached the opposite bank with no other inconvenience than an unseasonable bath. — Stranger, imagine not this *Portrait* to be a figment, or even an embellishment of the imagination. It is addressed to those who knew the man ; and to those who knew him *best*, I appeal for its fidelity. Every line and epithet applied to him, could be substantiated by apposite anecdotes. — Though, perhaps, *jam satis*, I will add one more.

On one of his school-fund journeys, nearly thirty years ago, traversing a forest in Ohio, which, for many a long mile, had seemed as undisturbed by human occupants as on the day of creation, there suddenly glided into the path an armed Indian. The apparition was rather startling. The *Sachem* nodded, however, to his compatriot, and kept jogging on, as if unconcerned. The Indian surveyed him earnestly, from time to time ; — but, whether Young Jin quickened or slackened her pace, he still kept at the wheel. After about six miles, the sulky drew up, and a four-pence-ha’penny was handed to its persevering attendant. The Redskin received it with a grunt, or nod of thanks, turned off into the woods, and was seen no more. If any evil purpose was harboured, perhaps the donor owed something, on this occasion, to those indisputable *sachem marks*, which distinguished both his person and aspect.

I wish it had been possible, consistently with brevity, to throw in a few more of the traits, which made even his children smile at the simplicity of his feelings, while they stood amazed at his power, and adored his goodness. His memorable relations (memorable at least to his family) with the Connecticut School Fund might be *summed* in the quaint address of Eliot, the spiritual friend of the Indians, to Robert Boyle : — “ *Right honorable, charitable, indefatigable, nursing father!* ” The words are singularly applicable, also, to his exertions in behalf of another public interest. For fifty years he was the Treasurer of Yale College ; and during the first thirty he may be said to have been the *Ways and Means* of the Corporation ; — by which I intend, that in all their pecuniary difficulties, and in their collisions with the State, (for there were *Anti-Grammaticals* in those days as well as these,) their main reliance was on his commanding influence, his resource and ingenuity, and on his single-hearted attachment to their interests. In such a state of despondency was that body in 1791-2, that he was called home from Congress to advise in the threatening aspect of their affairs. His counsel was, — unreservedly to open the whole condition of the Institution to the recently appointed and very able Committee of the Legislature, (composed, however, of individuals supposed to be desirous of some changes,) and the result was, a Report favorable and honorable to the College. About this time he *conceived the idea* of obtaining a grant in its favor of certain outstanding taxes, the nature of which will be found explained below, in the words of the Hon. Mr. Pitkin.* By

* “ Before the establishment of the present constitution, the State of Connecticut had, at various times, laid taxes, which were payable in certain evidences of debt against the State ; for the purpose of paying the interest and part of the principal of this debt.

“ Congress, in 1790, assumed State debts to the amount of \$ 21,000,000, and the amount assumed for Connecticut was \$ 1,600,000, and was to be funded, on certain terms, by those who

unflinching zeal, he carried the measure, contrary to the hopes of many equally sincere, but less sanguine friends. *This grant laid anew the corner-stone of Yale College.* When he assumed his office, in 1782, one of those shadowy White Wigs, which then rendered the Corporation illustrious, said to him: —“ Young man, you are taking upon you an important trust. Remember! in the discharge of business, you must never serve the Devil; —but you may make the Devil serve you.” Whether that venerable and honorable Body ascribe the rescue of their institution from a state of want and decay, and its exaltation to its present pitch of usefulness, to any agency less orthodox than the Divine blessing on disinterested human efforts, we have not inquired.

The subject of this note, and the late illustrious President,

held certain evidences of this debt. At the time of the assumption, a large balance of those taxes was due from the various collectors through the State, and was payable in the same evidences of State debt, as were assumed and authorized to be funded, under the act of Congress. If these balances should be paid into the State Treasury, in those evidences of debts, they must, of course, be cancelled, or considered as paid.

“ In this situation, James Hillhouse, Esq., then, and long after, Treasurer of Yale College, and ever attentive and active in its pecuniary concerns, conceived the idea of having these balances transferred to that institution, and funded, under the assumption act, for its benefit. With this view, he induced an application, on the part of the College, to be made to the Legislature of the State, and he was acting manager in pursuing the application.

“ To induce the Legislature to make the grant of these balances to the College, which were then unascertained, he proposed that the grant be made on the condition, that one half of the sum, which should be paid over to the College, and funded, should be transferred to the State by the Institution, for the use and benefit of the State itself.

“ On these terms, Mr. Hillhouse, by his usual perseverance and untiring exertions, at last obtained the grant. He had great difficulties, and strong prejudices, to encounter, which no one

who came into office in 1795, were co-workers and brothers, — yea, more than brothers, — in all that tended to the enduring prosperity of this favorite object of their care.

NOTE IX.

Spooked 'twixt the prairies and the sea. — p. 46.

To spook, — to saunter about inquisitively. — *Nursery.*

NOTE X.

Down which an empire's harvests ride. — p. 45.

For their *prospective* magnitude, see the interesting report of Mr. Ruggles, to the New York Legislature, during the last session. — One's imagination can hardly advert to the

but himself could have overcome. Some of the most intelligent members of the Assembly, professional men, on whom he had relied for support, deemed it an impracticable scheme, and, at first, almost refused him their aid, in attempting to carry it into effect. He then applied to another class of the Legislature, to the substantial farmers, and urged upon them the great importance of doing something for a College, which was the pride of the State, and explained to them his plan, by which not only the College, but the State itself, would be greatly benefited. He interested this class of men strongly in favor of his plan, and it was through their influence, that the measure was finally carried through the Legislature.

"The amount of the balance of these taxes was larger than was apprehended, and the College received greater pecuniary benefit from this grant than from all others, except the late donation by individuals."

Professor Kingsley observes: "The honor of originating this measure, and of securing its passage through the Legislature, belongs to the Treasurer, Mr. Hillhouse. No one has pretended, that, without him, any thing would have been, or could have been done, on the subject." — *Sketch of the History of Yale College*, p. 26.

North River, without thoughts of steamboats, western wheat, &c. ; so I leave this couplet as it is, though it rings in my ear as if I had heard its like somewhere. I cannot possibly remember. If I have stumbled upon any other person's words or thoughts, they are much at his service.

NOTE XI.

And were that Highwood. — p. 46.

The residence of James G. King, Esq., opposite the city of New York.

NOTE XII.

Each from a venerated root. — p. 46.

Namely, from Archibald Gracie, and Rufus King.

NOTE XIII.

His hatchet (buried oft before). — p. 47.

His favorite toast among old friends, uttered with a beaming of the eye, which showed that no bitter reminiscence could be harboured in his heart, was, — “*Let us bury the hatchet.*” It embodied the spirit of his life. — It used to be said in the Senate Chamber, that he kept one of these implements, under the papers and red tape, in his desk ; which he had been known to take out and lay carelessly by the side of his inkstand, when the debate waxed personal. No bad idea, by the bye. He, at any rate, averted many a *désagrément*, by pleasantly threatening to “*take the tree.*” — His father, William Hillhouse, of Montville, who, in the days of steady habits, came up on his Narraganset pacer, and took his seat in one hundred and six Legislatures, (then semi-annual,) was a tall, spare man, as dark as the Black Douglas himself, and did not particularly fancy being hit, upon his reputed Mohegan cross. Being the Patriarch of the eastern section of the State, and with a relish of wit, he usually had

a circle round him at his lodgings. On a certain occasion, the *Sachem*, who had often, in the State Legislature, been opposed in argument to his father, but was then a young member of Congress, happened to call on the old gentleman during the Hartford session, at a moment when he was reading with great glee to the whole *mess*, a squib upon the Congress Men, from a Philadelphia newspaper. It was at the time a Library was talked of for Congress. The gist of the pleasantry lay in the adaptation of a Book to the private history of each of the prominent Members. The old man read on, chuckling, for some time : at last, looking up, he said, dryly : " Why, Jemmy, they don't notice you at all." — " Read on, father." He did so ; and soon came to the volume to be ordered for his son, namely, a *History of the Aborigines*, to aid him in tracing his pedigree ! For a rarity, the old gentleman was floored. Venerable image of the elder day ! well do I remember those stupendous shoe-buckles, that long, gold-headed cane, (kept in Madam, thy Sister's best closet, for thy sole annual use,) that steel watch-chain, and silver pendants, yea, and the streak of holland, like the slash in an antique doublet, commonly seen betwixt thy waistcoat and small clothes, as thou passedst daily, at nine o'clock, A. M., during the autumnal session ! One of his little granddaughters took it into her head to watch for her dear " Black Grandpapa," and insist on kissing him in the street, as he passed. He condescended, once or twice, to stoop for her salute ; but, anon, we missed him. He passed us no more ; having adopted Church street, instead of Temple street, on his way to the Council Chamber. One of the earliest recollections of our boyhood is the appearance of that Council Chamber, as we used to peep into it. Trumbull sat facing the door, — *clarum et venerabile nomen* ! — there lay his awful sword and cocked hat, — and round the table, besides his Excellency and his Honor, were twelve noble-looking men, whom our juvenile eyes regarded as scarcely inferior to gods. And, compared with many, who floated up, afterwards, on the spume of party, not a man of them but was a Capitolinus.

As the oldest Counsellor, — at the Governor's right hand, — sat, ever, the Patriarch of Montville, (a study for Spagnoletto,) with half his body, in addition to his legs, under the table, a huge pair of depending eyebrows, concealing all the eyes he had, till called upon for an opinion, when he lifted them up long enough to speak briefly, and then they immediately relapsed. He resigned his seat at the age of eighty, in the full possession of his mental powers. The language of the letter before me is : " He has withdrawn from public life with cheerfulness and dignity." He was able, at that age, to ride his Narraganset from New Haven to New London in a day, abhorring " wheel carriages." At his leave-taking, I have been told, there was not a dry eye at the Council Board.

A
DISCOURSE,
PRONOUNCED AT NEW HAVEN,
BEFORE THE
SOCIETY OF PHI BETA KAPPA,
SEPTEMBER 12, 1826.
ON SOME OF THE CONSIDERATIONS WHICH SHOULD
INFLUENCE AN EPIC OR A TRAGIC WRITER
IN THE CHOICE OF AN ERA.

DISCOURSE.

SYSTEMS of philosophy have sprung up, flourished, and decayed ; science has superseded the honors of one generation of her votaries by the labors of the next ; religions and governments, mighty in their day, have passed into forgetfulness with the names of their venerated or dreaded founders ; but, from age to age, the eternal lights of Poetry have shed from the intellectual firmament their unaltered lustre. Poetry is the expounder of the heart, the interpreter of nature, the teacher of universal truth. Revered from primeval times as the immediate gift of Heaven, receiving in every national literature, which can boast of its higher efforts, the place of honor, its dignity is, finally, recognised by God himself, who has blended it with the raptures of his prophets' harps, and proved its energies in his own awful denunciations.

Such is Poetry in its essence, and its grandest displays. Much time might be consumed in developing its character, and asserting its value, without removing the incredulity of those whom natural organization, or acquired feelings, render insensible of its power ; or shaking the prejudices of those who

misconceive its nature from its abuses. Scarcely less difficult would it be to dissipate the cold doubts of a still more numerous class, who imagine the age of poetry to be past, and therefore look on any attempt to revive it among ourselves as an unavailing effort to foster the sickly offspring of another time and soil. As the gownsmen of the middle age supposed the highest order of genius to have disappeared for ever with the prodigies of Greece, these later skeptics extol, with regard to the Moderns, a past era of poetical greatness which the present or future times must not hope to rival. By reasons drawn partly from the political, philosophical, and scientific spirit of the day, and partly from the peculiarities of our national origin and situation, they infer the impossibility of a noble developement of the art in the Western Hemisphere. The refutation of such opinions will never be the work of argument; and we shall squander no words in the attempt.

But they whose glowing perceptions find poetry in the garniture of earth and heaven; whose emotions over the page of genius teach them, that they are of one element with the gifted spirits who went before; and whose simple, unbought feelings prompt them to attach value to that garland which oftenest blooms to adorn the grave,—will be fond to believe, that the mantle of the Bard is no antiquated appendage of former times, destined never to surround again the splendor of human talent with something of prophetic sanctity. They will neither derogate its

uses, nor despair of its descent. And for *their* indulgent attention we more especially presume to hope, while attempting to point out *some of the considerations which should influence an Epic, or a Tragic writer in the choice of an era.*

The true aim of the two great branches of the art is to delight, purify, and exalt our nature, by alluring exhibitions of the beauty and grandeur of virtue, and to fortify us against the evil passions by impressive delineations of their insidious disguises, their terrible energy, and their fatal consequences. Opening the volume of History, genius glances along the annals of man to those epochs distinguished for events and manners suited to its purposes. From one of these it selects its agents, or arrays in the characteristic spirit and drapery of the age the beings of its own creation. It delights in times of high achievement, of enthusiastic feeling, of splendid, picturesque, and peculiar manners ;—in conflicting passions ;—in strong contrasts of station, character, and scene ;—in the dark, the bright, and the marvellous. Three eras fruitful of poetic materials have chiefly attracted the attention of the world. The first to which we shall allude, embraces the origin of Epic and Tragic Poetry, and may be denominated the *classic*.

To the masterpieces of Greece, the voice of all civilized nations has assigned their station. As specimens of the perfection of language, they are acknowledged to be unrivalled ; as the productions of infant art, they excite wonder ; as lively portrai-

tures of the spirit of their age, they fill us with an interest philosophic and profound. Astonishment will always follow the reflection, that the people of a petty state, during a prosperous period of about three centuries, amidst the intrigues and clamors of a popular government; the bustle of military and naval enterprises; amidst intestine wars and desolating invasions, should have produced models so nearly perfect in so many departments of thought and imagination. To the character of the age, and not, primarily, to the unquestioned merit of its works, the present inquiry has reference. What seminal secrets of poetry, available to modern genius, are wrapped up in their fables and traditions, in their manners and mythology, in their ideas of the universe, and the soul? — Is the spell of classical associations still so powerful, that the Poet can wisely open, again, the iron book of Destiny for a theme? revive the horrors of *Œdipus*, *Alcmæon*, and *Thyestes*? or evoke the sterner forms of Rome?

These questions cannot require an extended consideration. Had not the French built almost entirely on classical foundations, and the Italians, particularly *Alfieri*, so frequently, the practice of modern literature would, of itself, supply an answer.

The heroic age of the Ancients and the peculiarities of their gay mythology are too familiar to need any illustration. Destiny was the dark feature in their belief; and this barren idea pervades their poetry, especially their Tragedy, as a master prin-

ciple. Their popular notions respecting the universe, — death, — the origin and destiny of man, were characterized by nothing true, solemn, or deeply interesting. Even their world of spirits was but another earth adorned with bright skies and fortunate fields, whither the shades of heroes retired, till summoned to the acquisition of fresh laurels in the upper air. Their religion was replete with life, sunshine, and beauty, but deficient in solemnity, spirituality, and tenderness. The character of the Greeks resembled the mythology to which it gave birth: subtle, brilliant, and inventive, history attests rather the acuteness of their minds than the depth and seriousness of their feelings.

Truth and fiction, blending in the Heroic times, supplied the Ancients, it is confessed, with an inexhaustible storehouse of materials adapted to their ideas of Tragedy and the Epic. But do they harmonize with the spirit of our age? Can we infuse living interest into their defunct and buried fictions? Are their sentiments, and those customs which embody sentiment, in accordance with our own? Has nothing since transpired to illuminate the understanding, render solemn the imagination, and reform the heart? — That mysterious pall beyond which the philosophic Ancients were ever anxious to look, no longer hides Eternity: — in all its awful truth it stands before us. Has this stupendous moral discovery wrought no effect on man, and on an art whose issues are from the secret springs of his soul? Is it fraught with nothing to dilate his con-

ceptions, to exalt his aims, to soften, deepen, and purify his affections? — Why forsake the truth, and the light which reveals the just relations of all our momentous interests, for the benighted conceptions of the Heathens? This desertion is unavoidable; or history must be falsified in a manner most revolting to an instructed mind. Love must be abandoned too, — that rose-cheeked illusion, the brightest which the Poet can conjure from the mysteries of our being, — which rises on the youthful imagination like a fair spirit from some ethereal dwelling-place, and has lent to the productions of modern genius so much of their enchantment. For, woman was regarded by the Greeks and Romans neither with the passionate jealousy of the Asiatics, nor with the noble and sentimental homage of the Teutonic nations. Not scrupulous, however, the French have transferred not only the love-code, but the essential spirit of their court and capital to classic times, and have embodied their national poetry in the nomenclature of an age with which they have not one kindred feature.

The affectation and absurdity of such a system are palpable. Nothing could excuse it, but the fact that no other period of exploit, no other *heroic age* had existed, of nearer interest and more congenial character. But among the French became first strikingly manifest that modern age of the marvellous, which ran wild with enthusiasm, poetry, and adventure, and shot forth a literature that has imparted its peculiar tints to all the noblest subsequent productions.

The Teutonic invaders of the Western Empire were a free, high-spirited race, whom enterprise led to conquest, and conquests inflamed with enterprise. Their manners and religion had nothing in common with the *Romanized* nations whom they subdued. After the example of Clovis, they exchanged their simple superstitions for Christianity; but to their haughty independence of spirit, their deep-rooted ideas of private right, and to their respect for woman, they adhered. During the feeble reigns of Charlemagne's successors, the great officers of the empire, by gradual encroachments, succeeded in acquiring, as hereditary fiefs, (on certain conditions denominated feudal) the provinces which they originally governed as lieutenants. As chief vassals, they did homage for their lands and titles to the king: formally acknowledging him as their head, they in fact discharged with absolute authority, in their respective baronies, the judicial, military, and royal functions. Among their undisputed privileges were those of private war, exemption from all imposts except feudal aids; freedom from legislative control, original judicature in their dominions, and the right of coining money. Their policy of *sub-infeudation*, or the granting of fiefs under them to inferior vassals, was favored by the turbulence of the times. The fierce and lawless habits of a warlike age, often breaking out in acts of violence, obliged the small proprietors to place themselves for safety under the protection of some neighbouring lord. Their free, or allodial, tenures were thus gradually

exchanged for feudal. They did homage, swore fealty, and received investiture; thereby subjecting themselves to certain military services, and entitling themselves to the safeguard of their suzerain or liege lord.*

Conceive this principle in active operation for a century or two, and behold, as its consequence, the Feudal System. Instead of a prince, possessing the authority, as well as the insignia of royalty, a proud aristocracy has sprung up of feudal nobles, who recognise in their sovereign only the first among his peers. The monarchy no longer feels a grand centre of attraction, but has gathered itself round many almost independent centres.

With this extraordinary change in the political form of several of the principal states of Europe, commences the proper era of *Romantic Poetry*.

Accustomed, in their inaccessible castles, to the military obedience and devoted homage of their warlike vassals, the great Feudatories, trusting in their oft-tried swords and towering battlements, in reality felt, and practically acknowledged, no superior. The pride and passions ever fostered by absolute power, were thus inflamed in the breasts of numbers; each the despot of his own territory, ambitious of its increase, jealous of its honor, and implacable in avenging its injuries. As might be anticipated, either for aggression, or reprisal, or pastime, the trumpet-call of some feudal noble was for ever in the wind. The lance, the helmet,

* Hallam.

and the war-horse became the only valued possessions, and war the only art. Each castle grew into a military school, where the boldest of the youth, reared under their Chieftain's eye, learned to emulate his deeds, to venerate his house, and to hate his foes. All the brave and aspiring, all that laid claim to gentle blood, or stood upon their honor, took spear and shield. Bloodshed, peril, and adventure became the business of life.

As if society were not already sufficiently pregnant with explosive elements, a new people was at this period incorporated into the French monarchy. Rovers and plunderers by profession, insatiable of adventures, invincible in arms, the wild and fiery Normans, full of activity, credulity, and imagination, came, like leaven, into the mass of the feudal aristocracy. Established in an ample province, the influence of their energetic character was felt anon. A more restless spirit of enterprise went out from them. Inquisitive and superstitious as well as brave, they were attracted to the holy places of Italy, and frequent bands of warlike Pilgrims crossed the Alps to kneel among its shrines, or gaze on its ruins, or mix in its quarrels, as devotion, curiosity, or avarice ruled. They returned with excited imaginations, and enlarged conceptions of the great empire whose stupendous remains might reasonably fill them with astonishment. Accustomed to the surprising, their ears were open, wherever they went, to every tale of wonder; nothing was too marvellous for their belief, for nothing was too daring for

their imitation. Besides other characteristic exploits, the conquest of England, Sicily, and Southern Italy, sufficiently attests the spirit of the Norman adventurers.

Where could Romance more naturally spring up than among such a people? Convincing reasons might be alleged for the ascription of a Norman origin to the first Fictions of Chivalry. But wherever they originated, history traces them no further than to the twelfth century and to the neighbourhood of that province. Encouraged by the taste of men who loved the recital of incredible exploits, (surpassing their own only because they surpassed possibility,) these wild compositions multiplied, and powerfully reacted on the peculiar genius of the age. Devotion, love, and honor, were now held up to the public admiration in patterns of perfect knighthood. The scattered lineaments of chivalry, which previously existed, were collected and presented in complete embellished images. Contemplating itself in these mirrors, the age grew ashamed of its savage manners; valor became less uncourteous, ambition less rapacious, and love more refined. Leaving out of account the giants, dwarfs, elves, sorcerers, and enchantments, — all the purely fanciful and absurd, — with which the Romancers, and the more extravagant of the romantic Poets, have chosen to decorate their sketches, there remain splendid materials and scope for the most exuberant imagination in the realities of the chivalrous day. Bright, beautiful, and fantastic, it broke with a sudden illumination over

the sombre aspect of feudal Europe, like an unexpected sun-gleam over a wild and scowling heaven, painting gold and crimson on the edges of the thunder-cloud. The practice of arms, the passion for exploit, baronial sovereignty, with all its tendencies to blood and violence, remained unchanged; but humanity and generosity, sentimental love and knightly honor, tempered their influence in noble bosoms. Battles were set in array, and blood was spilt, as freely as before; but now, "nothing was done in hate,—all was in honor." The breathless victor clasped hands with his dying enemy, rendered him the last offices with weeping eyes, and often uttered over him an eulogy more touching than the Churchman's eloquence.

Imagination was awake: she had seized the colors of Romance, and had commenced her proper task of refining and exalting men above sensuality, selfishness, and treachery, by high-wrought pictures of ideal excellence. Though she dashed her canvass with abrupt and glaring contrasts, huddling together every opposite, indifferent whether she sketched the deformed aspect of a giant, or the graceful proportions of a Lancelot or a Tristram, her productions were in keeping with the times: virtues and vices, magnanimity and ferocity, superstition and crime, were no less strangely blended in real life. Her bold delineations penetrated the hearts of men, and wrought important changes in their manners. Their acknowledged effects prove how captivating, even in the rudest sketch, are the

features of heroic virtue ; and show the false philosophy of slighting the influence of works of fiction.

The institutions of chivalry assumed form and method. Kings voluntarily became amenable to its laws ; princes earned their spurs in bloody proofs of arms, and learned to prize unspotted knighthood as their diadems. The songs of the Provençals, which had found their way over Europe, fanned the flame of love, poetry, and glory, which was taking possession of every gallant heart. The young, the sensitive, the effeminate, no longer monopolized the lyre : sagacious despots and experienced warriors courted renown as Poets and Troubadours. Barbarossa, Cœur de Lion, Frederic, Alfonso, have left proofs of their genius ; and no knight in Europe, could pen a *sirvente* or cleave a helmet with more absolute address than Bertrand de Born.

Examine the exigencies of Epic and Tragic poetry, with reference to the manners and institutions of this remarkable age. The whole detail of life was a pageant ; exhibiting either the real or the mimic "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." What affluence of imagination can surpass the reality of the tournament ? Let invention task itself for gorgeous accompaniments, and incidents replete with high-souled gallantry, and the simple chronicles of the time shall eclipse it. Even the common and domestic occurrences of the feudal life are poetical, and lead the thoughts involuntarily to the iron character of the times :

“They carved at the meal
 With gloves of steel,
 And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.”

The draw-bridge, the fosse, and the battlements, all speak of danger without, and of courage and self-reliance within.

In miraculous adventures and achievements, no period of profane history can parallel the Romantic age. Its spirit was pitched to enthusiasm, imagination was the ruling power, and the whole tenor of its actions was extraordinary. Can the most celebrated enterprises of antiquity, the Argonautic expedition, or the siege of Troy, sustain a comparison, in the wonderful and poetical, with the Crusades? The impelling motives of the Trojan war were common and ordinary. An offended prince persuades the chiefs of the petty independent tribes of his countrymen to espouse his cause, and avenge his injuries. When have kings been slow to resentment, or perplexed to find abettors of their quarrels? — A barefoot hermit led the Chivalry of Europe into Palestine. Monarchs forsook their thrones to combat on the scorching sands of Syria; nobles beggared their posterity to equip armaments, — not to feed a sanguinary revenge, nor to subdue the earth and the richness thereof, — but to rescue the sepulchre of their Redeemer from the hands of Infidels! — If religious ardor ran into superstition, and valor into Quixotism, they were noble and poetical errors.

If the Tragic writer look for those deep-working

passions, which convulse the moral frame and break out in signal issues, they will be found to have left beneath the splendid surface of the Romantic era their deepest traces. Love grappled the very roots of the soul, and gave birth to surprising achievements, devoted sacrifices, and matchless constancy. What scope do the light and the sensual ideas of the Ancients afford genius, in the consistent delineation of this master-passion? Compare the perfidious hero of Virgil with Tancred; the passion of Phædra (almost the only developement of love in the Greek Tragedy) with the numberless refined and captivating examples of female tenderness in Romantic history and poetry. He who aims to paint Love in the radiant purity most like her native aspect, must look to other than Pagan models, and to a higher heaven than Olympus. The trials of affection in the immitigable day of feudal antipathy and pride were frequent and severe. Parental authority wore a despotic brow, which timid and conscious hearts could not confront. Nor did the gentle sex alone suffer from domestic tyranny; the apparent heir was often treated more like a "born thrall," than one soon to sway the despotism which crushed him. The fifth Percy dissolved the troth-plight between his son and Anne Boleyn, with a savage brutality, equalled only by his servility to the tyrant whom he feared. The redoubted Gaston de Foix, after wasting, on bare suspicion, the strength and spirits of his only son, by a rigorous imprisonment, inflicted on him, in his dungeon, a mortal stab.

Hate, jealousy, and revenge, moved to the execution of their dark purposes with a recklessness of blood too much sanctioned even by the better spirit of the times ; for chivalry sought rather to prescribe the mode of shedding it, than to stop its honorable effusion. — One actor on this diversified scene never girded himself for deeds of danger. He wore neither the baronial crest, nor the royal circlet ; he grasped no weapon ; he paid no soldiery ; — yet his enmity was dreaded as the dagger, or the frown of kings : — he appeared in the humble garb of a Teacher of Righteousness. More rapacious than the feudal oppressor, more profligate than the most libertine of the Knighthood, the unhallowed passions seemed under the garments of the Ecclesiastic to burn with concentrated fury. Exercising the usual ascendancy of intelligence over an unlettered age, he smiled at the ignorance and superstition which enabled him to throw his spell over the fearful and the brave, the vulgar and the noble, over subjects and thrones. He bartered indulgences to sin for flowing coffers, and passports to Heaven for broad possessions, and praised the sweetness of the furtive honeycomb. Not content with betraying to their adversary the souls of men, he anticipated on earth the fiendish office. His crowning invention was the secret accuser, the masked judge, the screw, the pulley, and the rack of the Inquisitorial dungeons, and the infernal consummation of the Auto-da-fé.

With such manners, characters, and contrasts, what elements of Poetry are wanting ? The bril-

liant and the gloomy, the marvellous and the pathetic, offer equally their treasures. Imagination can scarcely conceive an action too heroic, or too atrocious. The court, the lists, and the field, displayed gallantry, generosity, and the stateliest courtesy; but the keep of many a solitary castle told a barbarous tale, and the recesses of the forest shuddered at the perpetrations of feudal rancor and robber cruelty. Idolized Beauty inflamed and ruled the age; but many a lovely victim pined in her melancholy bower over murdered affections, or sacrificed to the canker of concealment "her damask cheek." The light of true religion fell, at least partially, on human actions. It revealed the duties of man, and the nature of an hereafter, with its sublime features and tremendous consequences; but its abused administration served rather to alarm apprehension, than to prevent crime; to torment the guilty soul, than to impregnate it with a heavenly spirit: it aggravated the horror of punishment, but purposely left the evil principle in possession of the heart. The conflict of passion and duty was thus rendered more intense, remorse was armed with new stings, and the tribunal of conscience surrounded with unheard-of terrors.

From this point we might survey Modern poetry, as from the radiating centre of its peculiar spirit. Destiny and the pleasure of the Gods are the master-springs of the Ancient poets; conscience, and the passions, of the Modern. The productions of Antiquity are inferior, both as exhibitions of deep men-

tal conflict, and as grand moral lessons. The idea of an undistinguishing, inexorable Destiny, which crushes alike the innocent and the guilty, is fraught with little instruction. It may indeed cause the display of sublime Promethean constancy, and pathetic abandonment; but it teaches no knowledge of self, throws no light upon the secrets of the heart, utters no warning against the dangerous conspirators who plot within it. Modern art has entered the dark tabernacle of thought and passion; scrutinized the incipient workings of ambition, jealousy, and hate; watched the throes of conscience, and the agonies of remorse. Her combinations exhibit all the powerful springs of human action in appropriate play. Her masterpieces are transcripts of nature and the soul, and their moral is, on the whole, in unison with the scope of Revelation. Both teach the inconceivably subtle, complex, and corrupted nature of the heart: both animate us to high attainments in virtue by a few almost faultless models: both inculcate our responsibility to God, by the consequences of our actions, even in the present life. The peculiar spirit of Modern poetry is attributable to the more just, profound, and solemn sentiments, with which society became imbued by Christianity. Directly, indeed, some of its leading properties spring from chivalry; but chivalry itself is a compound of religion, honor, and love; and love draws its vitality from the essence of our faith.

Another inestimable service rendered by true Religion to Poetry, (her handmaid and first-born,) is

disabusing nature of those troublesome Divinities who disturbed her majestic solitude. To the imagination of a Greek, there was no loneliness in creation. The mountains were vocal with Diana's horn, — the carols of Flora and her nymphs banished silence from the valley, — by the sea-side the Nereids gambolled, — Fauns and Satyrs gibbered in the greenwood. Like nocturnal revellers from some temple, they have disappeared with the light, and left the glorious forms of nature to speak of infinity and eternity. Solitude can now penetrate the soul, and utter in the ear her mysterious voice. Contemplation can ascend her high places, and indulge in those transfigurations of mind, which the solemn splendors of the skies, and the outstretched earth, impart. The restoration of man's intercourse with nature to simplicity and truth, has lent her inspirations a deeper and more characteristic influence. Vouchsafing to those who seek her immediate presence a double portion of her spirit, she has moulded the poetry of modern times into a resemblance of herself, — various, yet harmonious; complex, yet single. The tragedy of Sophocles resembles the circumscribed court of a palace, trod by noble feet, and rendered interesting by a rapid succession of agitating events; but presenting no other objects than those appropriate to the public threshold of a king. That of Shakspeare is like the natural landscape, whose waving forests, cultured valleys, and misty mountains, unite to please; here, heaving to the sky the battlements of pride, a mark for the

“lightning and rough anger of the clouds”; there, screening, in the bosom of the vale, the securer roof of low content. Traversing every portion of the scene, we see, in their natural positions and relations, all the diversities of the human character. The court, the cottage, the camp, and the cloisters, open their inmost recesses; and we find all their separate interests, their secret purposes, and their apparently diverging actions, guided by the Poet’s skill to the felicitous developement of one grand conception. This is the essential *unity*; the only one attainable without a treble loss.

In the varied drama of Shakspeare’s school, we can turn from the dark spectacle of human contention to the ever-delightful and refreshing scenery of nature. The stress of passion in the Greek Tragedy has no such variety, no such alleviation. All have realized, too, amidst the great events and stormy passions of the Epic and Tragic scene, the magical moral effect of those glimpses of the external world, which perpetually pass before the view. The imaginations of the great Romantic Poets were glorious receptacles, where the forms of nature lay, like their images in the ocean, ever present to the intellectual eye, ever ready to illustrate and adorn.

It is hardly necessary to declare, that we esteem the adoption of the Classic subject, model, and spirit, as the abandonment of finer and more appropriate materials; as the adoption of a form, excellent, indeed, as the creation of an infant art, and justly extolled by critics who knew no other; but, in

comparison with later inventions, stiff, meagre, and unnatural; — and, finally, as the imitation of a spirit foreign to the age, less impassioned, less profound, and less instructive. On the other hand, the attempt to imbue Classic forms with the Romantic spirit, — to animate Greek bodies with French souls, — is false, useless, and absurd. The Romantic age is to Modern Europe and ourselves, what the times of the Pelopidæ and Atridæ were to Homer and Æschylus. Its institutions and manners contain the rudiments of ours; love, honor, and religion are the redeeming virtues of our own, as well as of the chivalrous day. The History and Poetry, characteristic of that age, it is believed, afford richer stores, and models of nobler inspiration, than the world can parallel, — one people and one book alone excepted.

The source last alluded to, is separate and distinct, — of loftier character and more sublime associations. It is the blended history and poetry of a peculiar people. It celebrates, not the actions of fabulous heroes, not the extermination of imaginary monsters, not the exploits of the barbarous nobility of a bloody age; — it treasures not the responses of lying oracles, nor the predictions of Flamens and Augurs; — it is the sacred and eternal witness of the faith of Patriarchs, of the truth of Prophets, of the valor of godlike Kings, — of the existence, agency, and purposes of invisible Spirits, — of the power, providence, and immutable character of God; — it is strewed with flowers of Paradise, it wafts to our

souls the breath of Heaven, its inspiration is the efflux of the Holy One. Its mighty influence on the character of man, and on the spirit of Poetry, has been alluded to. At the unconsuming fire of the Hebrew Scriptures, it is acknowledged that the greatest masters have kindled their sublimity, and from the tender legacy of our Saviour, snatched their finest traits of disinterestedness and love.

But the appropriateness of scriptural *themes* to poetry is controverted;—rather, it would seem, on the score of a few unsuccessful efforts, and perhaps the well-known dogmas of a great, but often mistaken man, than from an examination of the Sacred Volume, with reference to the two chief departments of the art.

The scruple often raised at founding fictions on the sacred Word of God, appears to spring neither from just conceptions nor fervent piety. It is established by proofs too splendid and overwhelming to be disputed, that scriptural subjects are *capable* of poetic ornament. And who are the readers that turn to these productions with insatiable delight? Are they the irreligious? Are they mere men of taste and genius? Are they those who superadd to the costume of gayety and fashion a light transparent drapery of religion,—ornate professors, frugal practisers of the faith taught in those pages, on whose pregnant hints Poetry has presumed to rear her fabrics? *They* surely might be dazzled and transported with gorgeous images, without insufferable agonies for the scandal done God's blessed Book.

But these are the persons who oftenest cry : Profanation ! an envelope of purple, a casket and a lock, for the Word of Life ! — And casketed, perhaps, it lies. No ; it is the man whose prayer ascends early, and with tears, over the message of salvation, — whose feet are diligent, whose eyes are watchful, whose soul is earnest to fold his flock in green pastures by the still waters, — it is the glowing pattern of faith and zeal, — whose bosom is the shrine, whose heart the purple covering of his Master's promises, that extends to Milton the right hand of fellowship, and bows as to "the legate of the skies." To this enthusiast, his Bible is classic ground. All that worthily recalls it is dear ; every noble emanation of its pure and sublime spirit passes with electric certainty to his soul. He solaces his lonely walk with the sounding lament of Agonistes ; he delights in the gladiatorial conflict with the Arch-Sophist in the wilderness ; he comprehends and feels the fearful fatuity of unconquerable pride, and blesses, — while he contemplates the portentous spectacle, — the Father who made him to differ from the Angels who kept not their first estate. Is it not apparent, then, (for with reasonable allowance for peculiarities of opinion, such we believe to be the result of observation,) is it not apparent, that the scruple originates rather in the dearth than the excess of piety, in a taste of adverse bias, a mind not imbued to the depth of passion with the beauties of the inspired volume, not abounding in kindred associations, and not perceiving the secret of its antipathy ?

Do not the fascinations of Poetry immeasurably enhance our interest in the history of every people? Have we not witnessed the transformation into classic ground of a portion of the earth, which twenty years ago was regarded with injurious scorn by the nurselings of pride and opulence, who now draw short breath upon its craggy hills, and fall into poetic raptures at its misty mountain-scenery? — and this the achievement of a single pen? We cannot stop to develope causes; — such is the universal fact. On whatever portion of history the sunlight of genius falls, that spot for ever after detains the fondly-lingering eye.

Such would undoubtedly be the consequence of surrounding the historical parts of the Bible with elegant associations. Such is *proved* to be the effect, both by Milton and Racine. Why then should not the treasures, embedded in the exhaustless and refulgent mine of the Hebrews, be ushered to the light of day? We are told of difficulties: — No transient toil, it is said, the vigor of no common arm suffice to dig and shape its adamant. One who handled still more intractable materials, warns the aspiring :

—— “ *segendo in piuma,*
In fama non si vien : ” ——

and be it remembered, it is the imperishable material which eternizes the artist's glory. Neither should it be forgotten, that this volume is traversing every sea, and clothing itself in the language of every land, — that it is destined to extend its associa-

tions, — to rivet its influence, — till no heart of the vast family of man refuses to confess it paramount. Who *then* will be fashionable? Who then will be read? Who then will move the so much coveted admiration of mankind, — he who is most identified, or most at variance, with its omnipresent spirit? Genius is proverbially a laborer for posterity; and, on a mere temporal estimate, ought to take into account the prospects of the world. But there is a wreath beyond the gift of time, on which the far-reaching eye should ever fix; except that garland mingle its immortal, amaranthine fragrance with the poet's laurels, transitory, withering, and worthless are all the trophies of Parnassus.

The proper moral cast and mental habits of elevated Genius are in striking coincidence with the whole spirit of the Scriptures. The Poet's imagination should be the habitation of the pure, the beautiful, and the sublime; nothing common or unhallowed should abide in that sanctuary. There, as in the Holy Place, should float the sweet odors of Heavenly thoughts; and on the altar of his heart should burn the unextinguishable fire from Heaven, ever ready for an oblation and an acceptable sacrifice. His mind naturally converses with the grand, the lovely, and the spiritual, with the essences, not the details of things; his habitual element is above the "smoke and stir" of ordinary life, in a region whence he looks down on the broad aspects of things, on generic interests and general truths; and where devotion, love, patriotism, and every generous affection meet

and mingle in poetic concord. His art is the very antipodes of selfishness ; and thus coincides with one half of Christ's summary of the law ; it is also at war with that worldly, sensual, brutish spirit, which never presses beyond its gates of clay, with emotions of glowing gratitude, into the presence of its invisible Benefactor, — and harmonizes, thus, with the remaining moiety. Tender, ardent, and spiritual, panting after nobler objects, immaculate affections, and a more perfect state of things, it is kindred to faith, and is the natural ally of those pure and affectionate doctrines, which are the life-blood of our religion.

Let no man, whom choice devotes to those occupations which uphold the state of the world, presume hastily to slight, as trivial or visionary, the true pursuits of Genius. Each has his object, his circle of influence, and his recompense. If the man of wealth or power enjoys in his immediate sphere, and for a fleeting period, a more acknowledged and obvious ascendant, the man of genius pervades a much wider space, and acquires a far more lasting sway. The minds of both are receiving a form and pressure which will, probably, be in some measure peculiar for ever. That which has been nourished with rapturous meditations, whose business has been to expound the moral mysteries of our nature, to paint gloriously the works of God's fingers, to dwell on the tenderness of his love, and the magnificence of his power, till its fulness broke forth in ecstatic harmonies, — that mind may find

itself, when this "insubstantial pageant" has for ever faded, not unskilled in the employments of Beings of a brighter order. — Will any affirm that these considerations are inapposite? The affirmation implies, that our actions should be judged by their momentary, and not by their enduring consequences. If this be common sense, the category of wisdom is briefly summed: — Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

To congenial talents, the Old Testament offers matchless materials. Its antique simplicity; its brief and picturesque narrations; the grandeur of its moral tone; the gloomy magnificence of its imagery, so in keeping with the melancholy spirit of the North; its sublime machinery, and the striking events which it records, place it in the very first order, not only of the legitimate sources of Poetry, but of those historic eras, whose characteristic drapery best become its higher creations. Signal mistakes have been made in appropriating it. The aim should not be to amplify, or, in other words, modernize, those tales and episodes which are finished with a grace and pathos surpassing human imitation. It should be to drink so deep at the sacred fountain as to have its vital tide circulate through all the channels of thought and feeling, color the issues of the heart, and mingle with the intellectual substance. Invention should then produce a complex action, in nice harmony with scriptural truth. In developing the main conception, the writer's mind will array it, without effort, in the colors and splendid imagery of

the Bible. The historic incidents of this period, (the natural foundation of poetical superstructures,) are seen in a strong, peculiar, *Heavenly* light, and must be considered, therefore, in a more immediate connexion with the pleasure and purposes of the Deity, than the occurrences of times subsequent to his avowed intercourse with his creatures. Under such an illumination, the true moral aspects of things can scarcely fail to be preserved inviolate. Thus, the danger is obviated of partial and illusive lights, which have ever been alleged as the cardinal offence of Poetry.

The Hebrew writings first open our eyes to the invisible agents of the Creator. Radiant with the grace, glory, and felicity, imparted by transcendent power and holiness, — vicegerents of Omnipotence, swift messengers of Benevolence, — we never catch the sound of their aërial voices, or a glimpse of their waving pinions, but our hearts leap with the assurance of some gracious message from the Courts of Glory, to be uttered with the unction of fraternal love. — Dreadful, sorrowful, appalling, is the contrast of their ruined comrades; in them we behold the most melancholy lesson, — unquestionably the most awful admonition yet furnished to man, of the transforming power of evil. It is salutary to contemplate not only their present dark and hateful malignity, but to view it in connexion with such gleams of their native brightness as may be supposed to have survived their wreck. How can we judge of departed magnificence, but by the grandeur of its re-

mains? To conceive a Demon, without surpassing intelligence, without an exquisite perception of natural and moral beauty, without ideas of the joy of innocence, and even holiness, is to conceive a being incapable of aggravated *suffering*; — incapable of appreciating the goodness against which he hurled his rebellion, and, therefore, lightened of the horrors of remorse; — incapable of a vivid recollection of past happiness, and, therefore, unable to realize the agonizing contrast. Such a supposition extracts the venom of the undying worm, — it makes Hell tolerable. — No such blessedness is there. Human alchemy has dreamed of the elixir of immortality, but the cup of oblivion is the desideratum of Devils. — Here is machinery, sublime, terrible, authentic. The imagination, which is unsatisfied with the material universe, and with the multitude of the thoughts of the heart, may find, in the possibilities of the world of spirits, speedy admonition of the limits of its powers.

It is impossible to pursue this topic, though striking parts remain untouched. Think of those mysterious agents, the Prophets, — now terrifying nations, now famishing in the wilderness; now fed by ravens, and now by Angels; now refuting in caverns, now denouncing woe in the fear-struck palaces of kings; now calling down rain, and now fire, from Heaven! How wild, how unearthly, how sublime! — What beings in the grasp of masterly invention!

Unlike other histories, whose transactions dimin-

ish in importance as they recede from us, the Jewish Annals accompany, as it were, the march of time. Partly on their authority rest the decisions of eternal life. Like a civil code, therefore, they derive from the validity of their edicts a kind of perpetual contemporary interest. This interest is to extend ; and, though a Romantic theme would probably prove more generally attractive now, a future day may pronounce, with louder acclaim, in favor of another. In making choice between the two legitimate and noble eras, individual taste, talents, and reading must be consulted. The Romantic is more allied to life and manners, is environed with fewer hazards, and is of less difficult developement : the Hebrew is a fitter vehicle for the effusions of a serious and sublime mind, fond of contemplating immortality, eternity, and creative power ; and capable (in the language extorted from Johnson) of “ displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful ; ” and capable, we may add, of expanding those glimpses of spiritual happiness, vouchsafed in holy writ, into rapturous and animating, though still imperfect, displays of that unspeakable felicity and glory, which the entranced Apostle was permitted to behold, though not reveal.

But, whatever be the intrinsic merits of any era, there is a consideration which may be paramount to them all. Subject to fortunate or sinister impressions, long before we can estimate their power, the mind sometimes receives, early, an unalterable bias.

The strength of a second nature thus incorporated with our moral faculties, their successful exertion can only be in concert with it. Let no friendly adviser, no presuming critic, *no* external influence, overrule an emphatic whisper from within. That inward monitor only knows the harp, which will respond to the Poet's touch. Wherever it directs him,—whether to the classic lyre, or the shell of heroes, or the wizard harp of Fairyland, or the blood-stirring string of the feudal minstrel, or the viol of a Prophet or an Angel, let him snatch that;—from that, or none, will he draw sounds of power.

Obtaining, by the aid of history and observation, a clear insight into human nature; becoming thoroughly aware of those influences which are permanent; disregarding factitious rules and evanescent tastes, the gifted mind should strive for lasting usefulness and renown, by organizing its creations on the simple, the universal, the indestructible principles of the human soul. To a masterly accomplishment of this noble object, it is of no slight consequence to select a period whose manners afford, consistently with the truth of history, the freest, the most varied and picturesque play to those passions and affections, which are the wonder-working spirits of the art. Let our countrymen pause, ere they adopt an opinion sometimes gravely urged,—that an American must illustrate an American theme, or never hope to be ingrafted into the affections of his country. What! circumscribe within a couple of centuries, and the transactions of a few thinly-

peopled colonies, the illimitable flights of the imagination! Compel every species of genius to choose from the same scanty store of recent materials, or deny its inspiration! Philosophy might teach the absurdity of the idea. But is it sanctioned by the practice of other nations? — What real relationship have Spenser's realms of Fairy to the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland? What exclusive interest has the British Isle in the loss or recovery of Paradise? Does England rest her dramatic glory on the interlocutory chronicle of Shakespeare, rather than on Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth? With the exception of Lear, we have comprised in this brief list the crown-jewels of English poesy, the darling boast and pride of British hearts. Not one of them is on an English theme. The French equally idolize their Tragedy; yet not one of Racine's or Corneille's, and but one of Voltaire's six-and-twenty tragedies, is founded on a Gallic subject. Ariosto, Alfieri, and Metastasio looked abroad. Tasso's scene is on foreign and neutral ground, and his heroes are a chivalrous assembly from all the nations of Europe: Dante's grand domain is imaginary, but its dark accompaniments must be confessed to be strictly Italian. These are names of some consideration; but perhaps a more brilliant destiny attended others, who politically flattered their country with a national theme. — How much has national gratitude done for the Albion's England of Warner, for the Civil War of Daniel, for the Bosworth Field of Beaumont, for the Italia

of Trissino, for the *Henriade* of Voltaire, for Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, for Blackmore's *Arthur*, for Pye's *Alfred*, for Milman's *Samor*, for Barlow's *Columbiad*?

The great masters of modern times appear, for the most part, not to have found congenial matter in their own annals, and they went fearlessly in search of it wherever the spirit led them. If, just emerging from a martial age, whose splendid poetic capabilities we have attempted to develope, they might choose from the whole visible and invisible universe, how much more may we !

To build the slightest literary hope on the simple gratitude of a nation, is to weigh the weight of fire, and measure the blast of wind. Found on its *pride*, and there is a rock beneath you. That pride, we mean, which magnifies itself in the production of illustrious men. The only way to attain this position is to attain excellence ; and high poetic excellence is practicable only by means of a theme intrinsically poetical ; for its own perceptions of truth oblige the mind to conform to its materials. Moreover, the theme must be felt to stir the divinity within, else its abstract merit is inoperative and dead.

To suppose our country shorn of one ray of glory, by denying to her history the proper attributes of Epic and Tragic poetry, is a misconception. To say nothing of the mellowing influence of time,—as indispensable to the poetic mind, in relation to events, as the crumbling buttress, the roofless arch,

and all the signs of hoary eld, to the enthusiasm of the antiquary, — to say nothing of this, — the well-ordered government, the quiet, moral, intelligent community, where tranquillity flourishes under the shadow of the law, where one happy neighbourhood represents every other, offers nothing to the Epic or Tragic Muse. Look at those half barbarous, half civilized times, when every feudal principality clashed with all around it; when affection was thwarted by arbitrary authority, and the cruel regulation of wardships; when hate and revenge laid their hand on the dagger, instead of the pen; when might was right, and many strove to exercise it; when princes were martial and mischievous, governed only by their unbridled passions, and restrained only by their neighbours' swords; — then, indeed, the current of true love scarcely ever ran smooth; then towers, and dungeons, hair-breadth escapes, feats of valor, feuds, assassinations, inquisitions, banditti, condottieri, filled the earth with tumult and alarm. Then, the passions ruled, and in connexion with such a period only can their full strength and dangerous tendency be consistently depicted. Then, too, examples of virtuous heroism shine with the brilliancy of contrast. Our land is as the precincts of a temple, where the smoke ascends in peace from every dwelling, where the wild and wonderful, the violent and bloody, blessed be Heaven! are unknown; and where the most ingenious fancy would be perplexed to naturalize them. A whole millenium might pass without one instance

of outraged affection, remorseless cruelty, or dire revenge, such as were every-day affairs in the olden time. Our contests with the savages form the single exception ; but the savage character, with a few noble traits, possesses too little *variety* for extended poetic efforts. A brief, dark sketch, of great energy, might be struck off on this theme, but nothing more.

Our history is allied to the calmness and plainness of intellect, rather than to the hurry and splendor of imagination : it is distinguished rather for an inflexible adherence to principles, than for a vast variety of brilliant achievements. The spirit in which our fathers opposed the last hazards, resembles the stern intrepidity of Regulus, or the tranquil resolution of Socrates, not the effervescence of a passionate young hero on the field of glory. But, if we cannot vaunt a history abounding in poetical incidents, we possess the only one which discloses the true rules of civil liberty. Half mankind are searching in our annals for the mighty incantation, by whose agency a government may be puissant, yet the rulers powerless,—the law despotic, yet the people free,—the poor replenished with knowledge, yet the rich fearless of evil ;—which has transformed, in half a century, a wilderness of feeble colonists into a primary Power,—rendered their commerce stupendous, and their flag august !

Surely, the teachers of such secrets might borrow, without overwhelming obligations, from the historic records of other nations, those topics for

entertainment and instruction, which the poetic art requires. But have we no rightful ancestry to supply the need? — One would suppose, from the liminary views of some of our countrymen, that we stood unacknowledged before the world, — disgraceful foundlings, blushing at the bend of illegitimacy in our coat armorial. The pride of those who still hold the ancestral cliffs, records our consanguinity in every blazon of their honors. The old unconquered British, the Saxon, and Rollo's Scandinavian blood are ours. The Norman is our progenitor, — whose sword was found by every chivalrous nation trenchant as Caliburn; who never withdrew the foot he planted; who chose his gardens in the fairest regions of Europe, and turned his flaming buckler every way in their defence; who founded a dynasty in the snows of Muscovy, and pitched his royal pavilion by the sunny waters of Antioch. He can supply us with prodigies of adventure and miracles of valor. We have as indefeasible a portion in the fame of Arthur and Alfred, as any Englishman alive. We may revive the prowess of the Round Table, and conjure with Merlin's spells, if fabled or historic lineage have prescriptive claims.

True, we have no mouldering ruins of feudal power, and none of the romantic legends which linger round them, to elicit the unsuspected spark of genius, and to fan its flame. Our forests breathe upon us the freshness of primeval nature, or waft to the ear of fancy only the indignant yell of the dislodged and retiring savage. Whoever rises here,

must rise by irrepressible internal energies, and the impulse of the noblest of inspirations,—the grand eternal forms of nature. Vast, solitary, and sublime, pressing on the mind the symbols of creative power, rather than mementos of departed human pride, our scenery carries the thoughts more immediately up to those ultimate conceptions which should be bound, like the holy gems of divination, on the breast of superior genius. It may stamp our poetry with the image of its own virgin grandeur: its influence, confirmed by the want of a national heroic or barbarous age, may direct us toward the springs of our religion; which, whenever smitten by a commissioned rod, will gush forth purer and more abundant waters than ever flowed from Hippocrene.

We cannot stay to poise difficulties: were they centupled, it would be the part of a proud, self-confiding people to conquer, not submit. None can be indifferent to national glory,—to the honor of producing great men in every department of mind. What plea will acquit us, if we shrink from the arena where the master-spirits of all ages have championed each other to the proof of intellectual might? Shall we, the first free empire, surpassed by none in ingenuity, enterprise, and valor, hereafter, when Fame fills the laurelled pedestals of nations, endure to see ours ignominiously empty? Our fathers have left to us the priceless heritage of liberty. It is ours to defend it; to perfect its institutions by the statesman's and jurist's wisdom; and

to encircle it with glory by the historian's, the sage's, and the poet's pen. Let the eyes of our youth be fixed upward, let their sinews and their hearts be strenuous, till the dazzling heights of art, philosophy, and science are scaled, and they are recognised by the world as denizens of the spot, — like their great countryman, who dwells on the top of metaphysical Niphates, and has built a tabernacle in the eye of day.* Whoever advances the true glory, advances the moral worth, of his native land. He imposes on her constraining motives to perpetuate her honorable independence and power, or, if the fate of other empires be inevitable, to leave behind her an illustrious name.

* — “the other, of ravishing contemplation and abstract truth, dwelling on the top of metaphysical Niphates, and building a tabernacle in the eye of day.” — *Extract of a letter from Augustus L. Hillhouse.*

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4-2017

A
DISCOURSE,

PRONOUNCED ON THE 7TH OF APRIL, 1836,

BEFORE

THE BROOKLYN LYCEUM.

ON THE RELATIONS OF LITERATURE TO A REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

DISCOURSE.

WORSHIPPERS of accordant sentiments oftentimes assemble, without especially aiming to establish truth, or combat error ; but to kindle a brighter glow of zeal by the indulgence of their common sympathies. It were well if the disciples of letters more frequently met, to refresh and animate each other. They would derive from such interchanges of feeling moral strength and elevation : — they would advance to meet their allotted difficulties with a more satisfied and established spirit : — regrets would less frequently assail their desponding moments at having forsaken the glittering highways of life for a sweet but sequestered path : — they would bear with them a more inspiring sense of the nobleness of their calling, and of its enduring honors. To revive some such thoughts, we venture before the present Association, with a few remarks on the *Uses of Literature, particularly in reference to our own form of Government, and the present aspect of the Country.*

While comparing the opinions prevalent at different periods, the question sometimes rises in the mind, whether the profession of Letters be not fall-

en from the rank it once held in the estimation of mankind. If the spectacle presented by the Ancient world of Philosophers, Orators, and Poets, worshipped in their own day, as well as canonized by after times; — of Lyceums, Academies, and Philosophic gardens, so illustrious as to decide the nomenclature of their age; — of literary contests before ten thousand auditors; — of histories and tragedies, pronounced before assembled Greece; — of the greatest conqueror of antiquity, avowedly manifesting his conception of the Iliad by his life and actions; — if these be deemed allusions to times too remote, turn to the Middle Ages. Behold all Europe, arrayed under the banners of Plato and Aristotle, combating for subtilities, which neither party understood, with the animosity of Guelfs and Ghibellines: consider the universities of Paris and Oxford, with their twenty-five and thirty thousand students: * enumerate in the halls of Cambridge, Salamanca, Bologna, Orleans, Bourges, Mont-

* "At Oxford, under Henry the Third, it is said that there were 30,000 scholars, an exaggeration which seems to imply that the real number was very great. A respectable contemporary writer asserts, that there were full 10,000 at Bologna about the same time. I have not observed any numerical statement as to Paris during this age, but there can be no doubt that it was more frequented than any other. At the death of Charles the Seventh, in 1453, it contained 25,000 students." — It is observed in a note, "This may perhaps require to be taken with allowance. But Paris owes a great part of its buildings, on the southern bank of the Seine, to the University. The students are said to have been about 12,000 before 1480." — Hallam's *Middle Ages*.

pellier, and Salerno, the eager and enthusiastic multitudes. Follow those, who first caught the irradiation of reviving letters, in their painful and dangerous pilgrimages through Italy, France, and Spain; — ransacking the dusty receptacles of monastic lore for classic treasures. Mark their exultation; and hear the answering acclaim on the discovery of a manuscript. See sovereign Princes defending the Faith with peaceful weapons, and disputing the prize with their own poets, and prowtest Knights defying Trouvères and Troubadours to literary strife.

These, and similar indices of the times, are too familiar to need enumerating: but the world at large lay in the shadow of ignorance. Knowledge was the purchase of prodigious toil, and they who achieved its honors were regarded with envy and admiration. The famished intellect once roused, however, to a sense of its necessities, grew clamorous for supplies. A book became a treasure, — feasted on, — ruminated, — kept in contact with the feelings, — and thus into the fused and heated mind could transmit its coloring and vitality. No multiplicity of entertainment paralyzed curiosity, — no skimming of magazines, themselves the skimmings of things as worthless, — no trumpery annuals, — no frothy monthlies, troubled mankind: — no *light reading* then filled with fumes and vapor the receptacle of knowledge.

But though fewer books, more lovingly mastered, may have formed more vigorous and thinking intellects; and though the wreath of genius darted intenser splendor through the surrounding gloom; it is far

from following, that the profession of letters enjoyed a greater amount of honor. More idolatry may have been lavished on its chief ornaments ; but its aggregate respect and consideration must be in some degree proportioned to the *numbers* who can appreciate its claims. Measuring in this way, a comparison cannot stand. Instead of a few long-lost volumes, rescued from the ruins of ancient learning, and transferred to the cabinets of Kings, or the collections of the wealthy, we see books multiplied into household articles. Knowledge no longer glimmers like the streaks of the far-off dawn ; but, like the risen luminary, penetrates the casement of the cottage as well as cloistered windows. Instead of tens and hundreds, thousands and millions now gather the fruit of learning, and feel the electric stroke of genius.

But certain peculiarities of the present age are represented as unfriendly to the spirit of literature,* nay, inconsistent with its *higher* efforts. The mind is admonished to come down from her soarings, to awake from her metaphysic abstractions, for the world is becoming irreclaimably a party to the brilliant results of science, to the profitable lucubrations of the political economist, and the seductive mischief of politics.

Were we to weigh systems of intellectual philosophy, histories, and poems, against the scientific applications of steam, and the necromancy of chemistry,—a chapter of Locke against a party pamphlet,

* By a sect of Philosophers denominated Utilitarian.

— the richest portion of the *Faerie Queene*, against the maps, sections, submarine, and subterranean, wonders of the Geologist, and accept the decision of the multitude, such anticipations might not seem fantastic. Were there no transient tastes, — no exhausting of all things that relate to mere matter, — could science proceed in effecting changes for centuries to come with the same success as during the last fifty years ; — could we hope indeed to pry into the planets, and regale ourselves like Bergerac or Astolpho amidst the wonders of the Moon, — it would be excusable to fear the utter absorption of studious minds in scientific researches, and of the world's curiosity in watching their astonishing results. But for gifted men, who see as through an optic tube the instructive past, and are able to reach an independent estimate of the value and dignity of human pursuits ; to despair of those which relate to the mind itself, — which feed its essence, preserve its purity, and impart its radiance, — is a pusillanimous desertion of their own convictions, and a denial of the lesson of experience.

Is it not glaringly unphilosophical, to rank secondary to its mere instruments what is coëssential to the moving agent ? — to sink to the level of the laws of matter, the interests of the very power by whose restless searchings they were brought to light ? — Shall we indeed admit the classifications of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms ; — theories respecting the structure of the globe ; — disputed dogmas for the accumulation of wealth ; — or mooted points of

politics, — to bind, as to its noblest task, that principle which can expound its own interior mysteries ; — which can disclose the secrets and draw the moral of departed ages ; — which can climb up into heaven, and go down into hell, and can take the wings of the morning ?

That, on which individual refinement and social happiness depend, — which humanizes the heart, embellishes the imagination, acquaints reason with its objects, and conscience with its duties, — is a higher pursuit than naked science. The great Masters of Literature need not shrink from the comparison. They administer in things invisible, and not made with hands ; but they belong to a mightier dispensation, and the relations they establish cannot terminate with material worlds. — Let not these remarks be misunderstood. Science is the pivot, and axis, of the machine of life ; — many of its lessons are wonderful and sublime ; and we have all had the good fortune to see united in its professors the graces of letters with the utmost intellectual exactness. Nothing more is intended than to place the cause of Literature on its true elevation, and to answer the reproaches so often cast upon it by men of one idea, or of unreflective habits, as unprofitable to its followers, and useless to society, — not seeming to be aware that society itself, in their acceptance of the term, could not subsist, if its treasures and spirit were swept away.

Let us now see what peculiarities exist in our own condition and prospects, that dictate the policy to this

Republic, of fostering literature by every honorable encouragement. A slight retrospect will place this part of the subject in stronger relief.

Wealth, talents, and high birth, with its usual concomitants, have heretofore divided the homage of mankind. One of these titles to respect, namely, ancestral distinction, we have deemed inconsistent with weightier interests. But, among our British progenitors, it was recognised in its fullest extent, and guarded by privileges that erected the Anglo-Norman Aristocracy into the most powerful and high-spirited class in feudal Europe. Participators with the Conqueror in the hazards and glory of his enterprise, they were rewarded with ample territories. Drawing around them their battlements, and discharging amidst their own feudataries the functions of independent princes, their spirits grew too haughty to brook the *arbitrary* sway of their acknowledged sovereigns. Singly or combined, they remonstrated, resisted, imposed restrictions, extorted charters,—till the Nimrods who griped the English sceptre were tamed, and paled in by ordinances. Though turbulent and quarrelsome when without weightier occupation, under a popular, that is, a warlike monarch, and against a foreign foe, the Aristocracy were foremost in danger and prodigal of their blood. But the People were made of the same thews and sinews as their nobles. They, too, felt the Teutonic stream bounding in their veins: they bethought them of rights, and began to parley with their hands upon their hilts. By degrees, they framed an organ, and

through it have persisted in making themselves heard, till the whisper of the *Commons* has become formidable to their once lawless masters.

We here see antagonist principles operating to form a national character. — First, stands Regal Authority, tending, if unopposed, to absorb all the other principles ; but by its dignity, power, and transmitted claims, impressing the people with respect, and inculcating ideas of *loyalty* ; that is, attachment to the fountain-head of the government, as still representing the Conquering line, and as being the same blood which mixed with that of their fathers in fields endeared to them by history and song. The Peasant Bard illustrates this sentiment :

“ Even I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply, *my* sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger’s loudest roar,
Bold following where *your* fathers led.”

Secondly ; we see a powerful Aristocracy, descended from the companions and chief friends of the Founder of the monarchy, with high privileges, extensive territories, numerous vassals, and warlike passions, resisting, and circumscribing, the power of the crown. Partaking largely of the Knightly spirit, they neither wrought, nor trafficked, nor rested ; — their foot was in the stirrup, their hand upon the lance, — and *honor* was the subject of their story. — Thirdly, we have the People ; at first, humble and uninstructed, though always resolute ; gradually waking up during the contests of the King and Nobles, to a more defined and realizing sense of their

proper position, and of their ability to assume it. While pressing firmly onward towards indefeasible rights, their deep respect for the Kingly office and person, and attachment to their immediate chiefs, prevented their forgetting that they were only the *third* order in the realm. At the same time, they bore in mind the duty of watchfulness, and prompt resistance of unconstitutional encroachments ;— and the very *existence* of superior orders, willing enough to reclaim what they had been compelled to yield, prevented *supineness* and *credulity*.

An approach to Freedom without Anarchy, to Liberty in subjection to Order, grew up under these influences. With the progress of letters and refinement the turbulent spirit of the Nobility subsided. But their chivalrous temper, disdainful of meanness as well as cowardice, and uncontaminated by the arts of gain, gave to their sentiments a noble cast. Finer examples of character cannot be cited, than existed among them in their brightest era. The influence of these traits descended to the ranks immediately below the highest, and from them extended downwards. — Are not these statements justified by the national and commercial faith of England at the present hour ? — Where, on the whole, have we found more honor, or safer promises ? — Her faults are the faults of sternness and pride, not of fickleness, or falsehood.

This “ old and haughty nation ” is our progenitor ; and under the influences above described, were born and educated the Patriarchs of the American States.

These remarkable men have received their meed too often to leave a trait to be disclosed. You know their primitive and martyr-like faith, their abhorrence of tyranny, and their resolution to encounter every hazard, for a greater share of political and religious freedom. Parting, in dissatisfaction, with their native land, suffering every physical extremity, and the rupture of bonds that wound deeper than the flesh ; they naturally resolved, — if human courage, and human will, under the favor of Heaven, could do it, — to *secure their objects*. When, therefore, in process of time, principles which they deemed subversive of these objects, were pressed upon them, the spirit in which they had ever acted sprang into distincter action. The father found it necessary to abandon his natal soil ; the descendant found it necessary to abandon the parent government. As domestic quarrels are bitter, and we are the sons of men who participated in that with Britain, it would not be strange if we had grown up with an exaggerated and rather unphilosophical dislike of some of her outward forms, and with a blind admiration of the faultless excellence of our own. That we, abstractly as men, are superior to our English forefathers, would be hard to prove. If, as members of a political community, we excel them in virtue, or juster notions of human rights, we owe that superiority to circumstances. The Anglo-Norman Government has endured nearly eight centuries : under it have appeared examples of genius, virtue, and valor, not surpassed in the annals of our species ; and, with

an handsbreadth of territory, it is still great and glorious among the nations.

We have just commenced an independent political existence, on a theatre of vast extent and extreme fertility; and have made advances, in numbers, wealth, and power, never, in the same time, equalled. How much of our success is ascribable to the superiority of our institutions, and how much to physical and other advantages, philosophers can dispute. Whether our government contains the principles of perpetuity, or whether it carries in it the seeds of decay, and of speedy dissolution, they can also dispute; for time alone can resolve the question. We are, at any rate, a political phenomenon, and our fundamental maxims not yet fairly tested. What, under these circumstances, becomes us, as wise men and faithful citizens? — Instead of fiercely crying up our new, and, as we think, happy polity, and intolerantly crying down every other, would it not be as well to act on the supposition, that human defects are *possible*, even in the charter of Freedom; and that remedies may, perchance, be found, if carefully sought? — In an untried position, involving with our own, the hopes of mankind, is it safer to boast, or to scrutinize? — to contemn, or to compare? — to sit like watchful sentinels, or to shut our eyes, and disbelieve the danger we refuse to see?

But wherefore these auguries of evil? — Where lies our danger? — Are we not enterprising, circumspect, and brave? our wealth redundant? our mu-

niments ample? — Is our manhood doubted, by our enemies, or the world? — What corner of the sea is a stranger to our name? What breeze under heaven but respects our flag?

My countrymen, the durability of institutions depends, in some measure, on the time and toil with which they have grown up, and the respect which, as a consequence, they inspire. Our history *begins* with the abandonment of time-honored things, and the disruption of old attachments. We have no antiquity, no ancestral prejudices, to honor. We have, as it were, built an empire in a day, and *one* of our dangers is indicated by symptoms of too slightly reverencing the work of our own hands. Reformers by trade, — despisers of things cumbrous, or antiquated, — to alter — to build anew — are our amusement and delight; and we flatter ourselves, that in these matters, we excel all ancient and modern architects. Having no *bias* toward a state of rest, — no anchoring feelings, — is there not risk of some day drifting before wild opinions, or steering by some less faithful instrument than that which we have heretofore trusted? — We present the spectacle of a people risen suddenly to the dignity of a primary Power, without an individual among the millions who can call himself, in a political sense, better than his neighbour. There is before our eyes no order of men whose birth places them, at once and for ever, on the summits of life, whence they can calmly view the complex scene of human action. Among us, all are breathless and pursuing; all mixed in the dust

and conflict of the course. None stands, like our national emblem on the cliff,

“and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light above the dews of morn.”

Hence, no examples of *character* can be formed among us wholly exempt from popular influences. The vantage of instructed leisure, — the power and dignity of immense wealth as a natural birthright, — a noble theatre of action insured by the laws, where patriotism can act, and eloquence persuade, without asking leave of the multitude, — the impulse to high, perhaps to proud sentiments, which a name transmitted through a long and glorious line tends to inspire, — all these are influential *causes*; and have shot downwards through the gentry and people of England a tone of sentiment salutary in that commercial nation.

We are far from regretting, that some of these influences are not found here; for there is a *reverse* ✓ to the picture; and *we* have chosen to look to other conservative principles. Our allegiance is sworn to a Mistress of higher than regal lineage, and more than Queenly beauty; — whose cheek reveals the dawn, that many martyrs have died to hasten; — whose adorning jewels, are the tears of the oppressed, worn in remembrance of a day of liberation. To assert that allegiance, these States would rise, we firmly believe, against the World! — With this declaration of political faith, and the assurance, that no allusion will be had to any individual, or party, we

hope to be indulged in the utmost freedom of remark.

With no constitutional superiors; responsible only to magistrates of their own choosing; being the fountains of power, and the dispensers of office, and therefore flattered by the venal, as *all-wise, all-good*; is there no danger lest the People become heady? aspire to dictate in things they cannot understand? mistake lawlessness for freedom, and licentiousness for liberty? — Whence proceed the outbreaks of popular violence through the land? — Whence comes the fierce, the deepening clamor for the *People's* right, — namely, men whose skill is with the plough-share, and the workman's hammer, — to *instruct* their legislators, — to govern, like automaton, those whom they have selected, or *ought* to have selected, for their integrity and wisdom, and whose decisions common sense would leave to judgment and conscience, enlightened by debate?

Many of our faults, much of our danger, are chargeable on a *reckless Press*. No institutions, or principles, are spared its empiric handling. The most sacred axioms of jurisprudence, the most unblemished public characters, the vital points of constitutional policy and safety, are dragged into discussion, and exposed to scorn, by presumptuous scribblers, from end to end of the nation, simply because bread is a necessary of life to them, and politics to the people. Made masters, as they imagine, of the gravest interests by these shallow and mischievous disquisitions, some become puffed up with

a dangerous conceit of their own intelligence ; — others, misled, by falsities, err with right intentions ; — and thousands, corrupted by the abuse heaped, in turn, on all men and all measures, lose their belief in political virtue, and cease to reverence any thing.

So torpid is our moral sense, and so short-sighted our policy, that, from trivial motives, we patronize public prints, whose conductors we *believe*, and *admit*, to be profligate ; we help to diffuse their pestilential matter through the land, and then murmur, and tremble, at the plague-spots which break out upon the people. No other nation has passed in so short a time from the use, to the abuse, of this tremendous engine.

From this absolute popular supremacy, springs another tendency, which requires *counteracting influences*. Man, never fond of unnecessary labor, adapts his exertions to his objects. Where the People are the sole arbiters, is not a glance at human nature enough to suggest the fear, that they who aim at public stations may be tempted to achieve them by semblable merits, and flattering professions, rather than by toilsome virtue ? The laborious and humbly educated many cannot sit in inquest on the claims of every candidate : they trust those incorruptible guides, *caucuses*, and *the party press*. The public welfare is hence exposed both by the unfitness, and the faithlessness, of its servants ; for no oracle is requisite to apprize us, that the most dexterous flatterers are not the trustiest friends.

With little probability of political recompense,

and odds against them of literary honor, even high-toned minds despond. Why pursue what none prizes? — Why purchase with thought and watching, what cannot be appreciated, for want of a tribunal? — The standard of national taste and acquirement is thus exposed to depreciation. Men lose their intellectual ardor, their sensibility to glory; they are paralyzed by an atmosphere whose influence they cannot resist, and will not yield to, — in which laurels wither, and garlands fade. — Look around and look back: compare the public men of our later, with those of our earlier day; and be yourselves the judges. Number the illustrious heads whom you would now bow down to with irresistible respect. Where are they? — Whom do we trust or reverence? — Where is our cohort of civic wisdom? where is the solitary example of unslandered patriotism? — Yet with our physical increase, extending fame, and independent rank, one would suppose *motives* might be found, inspiring enough to carry us onward in intellectual and moral glory.

Scarcely less worthy of remark are some things peculiar to the *forms* of our free institutions. I wish it were possible to advert to *one* of them with some degree of particularity; namely, the glittering prize which, once in four years, agitates, to its extremities, this wide Confederacy, — if, indeed, it can be said ever to leave it in repose. The malignity of despotism itself could hardly have devised an illusion better calculated to disunite the friends of Liberty, and cast “ominous conjecture on the whole success.”

It fills the country with disquiet, the villages with dissension, the cities with violence; it troubles our hearts with bitterness, our firesides with disputes, and the universal atmosphere with conflicting falsehoods. It frightfully expedites that corruption, which all history teaches to be sufficiently inseparable from a nation's growing wealth. It engenders heart-burnings in these States, whose smothered embers will break out in future mischief. It has struck alarm into the hearts of the most sagacious statesmen, and drawn from them bodings which ought to sink deeply into ours.*

* Amendments to the Constitution of the United States were submitted to the Senate on the 12th of April, 1808, with a special eye to the mode of electing the Chief Magistrate. They were at first regarded doubtfully, to say the least, by some profound thinkers, (Theophilus Parsons and John Marshall among the number,) who afterwards signified a remarkable change of opinion. The Edinburgh Review, while it admits their efficacy, in building up an illustrious Senate, contends, that the party struggle would only be transferred from the choice of the president to that of the senators; not seeming to be aware, that no *grand* array of parties could possibly be brought to bear on local elections, — held at different times, and in distant places, and without the *MOTIVES*, now so powerfully in action. — An amelioration of party violence might be reached by less formal changes than those of the "Amendments," namely, by allowing but a single term of service, and by depriving the Executive of certain branches of the appointing power. *Some* change must be made, or serious disasters threaten our institutions. We have incautiously lodged more than regal influence in the hands of an individual, and have placed *him* in a situation the most trying to

Are these things worthy of us? Are they necessary to Freemen? Is it holding up a dignified, or inviting spectacle? — If such animosities are inherent in a free government, may not the quiet dwellers under forms less free, be tempted to submit in preference to their own inconveniences? They may say to us: You boast, that the Constitution and the Laws are your sole masters. Why, then, such bitter quarrels as to the mere agent who administers them? Give us a kind, protecting government; but, above all things, give us peace and rest: let us not be vexed and blown about, by the ever-shifting gales of Party. With you, nothing seems to find repose or place. There are innumerable local storms among you, which prostrate successive sets of men and measures ere they are well set up; besides the periodical blast, or great monsoon, which, once in four or eight years, sweeps your land, like the strong west wind, that entombed the plague of locusts. — Thrice happy! if one of our possessing Demons, — *the Passion for Office*, — could be laid in the same or any safe receptacle of Evil Spirits! — If we answer: Official changes are necessary, because the successful candidate for the highest honor is bound to reward those by whose exertions he obtained it; it is retorted: What! is your first Magistrate the head of a party, and not

human virtue. — The important feature of the "Amendments" alluded to was the choice of the Chief Magistrate by lot, out of the Senate, and allowing him but one term of service.

the equal Father of his people? If chosen for his abilities and virtue, then his friends are recompensed by the wisdom of an administration conducted according to their ideas of right. If the chair of state cannot be filled by disinterested suffrages, but is at the mercy of cabals, compacts, and official bribes, what is the privilege of filling it worth to the People? Wherein is your successful Demagogue better than our lineal Ruler?

These are considerations likely to suggest themselves to the *lookers-on of other nations*, and are worthy of our gravest reflection. Our doings are not hid in a corner. Every philosophic eye in the civilized world is directed either in hope, or fear, or detestation, to the novelty of the American government.

The passion for politics, however, cannot be the only one that engrosses this Republic; some other master principle may happily correct its injurious tendencies. If the corrective cannot be found in that bias, which an authority of some weight declares to be "the root of all evil," it will not be discovered among our master passions. *Politics* and the *Love of Money* control our hearts, and direct our energies, with an exclusiveness not elsewhere found. In Greece, literary and intellectual distinction, in Rome, military glory, in Europe, political privileges and noble blood, left mere wealth a secondary title to consideration. *Here*, there is nothing to refine, nothing to limit, its injurious influence. This is our *other Demon*. He is an arro-

gant, yet a base spirit. In his need, — he boweth, — he subserveth, — he waiteth to take advantage, — he speaketh double meanings, — he hath a covetous eye upon his neighbour, — he pincheth, — he hoardeth. Over the wheels of his splendor, he crieth to Learning, to Genius, to Philanthropy : — “ What have ye been about all your days, unfortunate foot passengers ? ” — Precluded, as we are, from founding families, the desire is aggravated to accumulate rapidly while there is a span of life to enjoy : possessing no touchstone of rank, all imagine, that wealth will admit them, especially in the cities, to upper seats, and they are impatient to occupy. But alas ! no sooner are we transferred from dust, toil, and parsimony to the far-off and brilliant firmament of Fashion, than cruel apprehensions assail us, lest our stellary position should lose its lustre by fresh intruders from our native sphere !

These follies provoke derision, and belong to the satirist ; but, viewed in connexion with their *causes*, they are evils, over which the moralist may sigh. They demand remedies ; and we hasten to show, that unprofitable fault-finding is not our aim.

It may be inferred from the foregoing remarks, that we deem our institutions not without defects, and not exempt from hazards. Foreign foes cannot, indeed, affright, and domestic treason has not yet seriously alarmed us ; — but we have that within, which is no less able to blast a nation’s promise. This (and it is the abstract of the whole matter) is *excess of liberty*.

But how can this excess be reclaimed? To whom shall it be resigned? What force can now unclench the giant grasp of the People? — The young Titan has risen up, and shaken his “invincible locks,” and proved his surpassing strength. — Though he cannot be deprived of his power, may not his eyes be enlightened, his heart be refined, his purposes and aims made beneficent and wise? Therein lies our hope! — And in casting about for the means of opposing the *sensual*, *selfish*, and *mercenary* tendencies of our nature, (the real Hydra of free institutions,) and of so elevating man, as to render it not chimerical to expect from him the safe ordering of his steps, no mere human agency can be compared with the resources laid up in the great TREASURE-HOUSE OF LITERATURE. — There, is collected the accumulated experience of ages, — the volumes of the historian, like lamps, to guide our feet: — there stand the heroic patterns of courage, magnanimity, and self-denying virtue: — there, are embodied the gentler attributes, which soften and purify, while they charm, the heart: — there lie the charts of those who have explored the deeps and shallows of the soul: — there, the dear-bought testimony, which reveals to us the ends of the earth, and shows, that the girdle of the waters is nothing but their Maker’s will: — there stands the Poet’s harp, of mighty compass, and many strings: — there hang the deep-toned instruments through which patriot eloquence has poured its inspiring echoes over oppressed nations: — there, in the sanctity of their own self-emitted light, repose the Heav-

only Oracles. This glorious fane, vast, and full of wonders, has been reared and stored by the labors of Lettered Men ; and *could* it be destroyed, mankind might relapse to the state of savages.

It would not be appropriate or possible, in a sketch like the present, to enter *minutely* into the connexion between virtue, and consequently happiness, and knowledge. A restless, discontented, aspiring, immortal principle, placed in a material form, whose clamorous appetites, bitter pains, and final languishing and decay, are perpetually at war with the peace and innocence of the spiritual occupant ; and have, moreover, power to jeopard its lasting welfare ; is the mysterious combination of Human Nature ! To *employ* the never-resting faculty ; to *turn off* its desires from the dangerous illusions of the senses to the ennobling enjoyments of the mind ; to place before the high-reaching principle, *objects* that will excite, and reward, its efforts, and, at the same time, not unfit a thing immortal for the probabilities, that await it when time shall be no more ;—these are the legitimate aims of a *perfect education*.

Left to the scanty round of gratifications supplied by the senses, or eked by the frivolous gayeties which wealth mistakes for pleasure, the unfurnished mind becomes weary of all things and itself. With the capacity to feel its wretchedness, but without tastes or intellectual light to guide it to any avenue of escape, it gropes round its confines of clay, with the sensations of a caged wild beast. It riseth up, it moveth to and fro, it lieth down again. In the morn-

ing it says, Would God it were evening ! in the evening it cries, Would God it were morning ! Driven in upon itself, with passions and desires that madden for action, it grows desperate ; its vision becomes perverted ; and, at last, vice and ignominy seem preferable to what the great Poet calls "*the hell of the lukewarm.*" Such is the end of many a youth, to whom authoritative discipline and enlarged teaching might have early opened the interesting spectacle of man's past and prospective destiny. Instead of languishing, — his mind might have throbbed, and burned, over the trials, the oppressions, the fortitude, the triumphs, of men and nations : — breathed upon by the life-giving lips of the Patriot, he might have discovered, that he had not only a country to love, but a head and a heart to serve her : — going out with Science, in her researches through the universe, he might have found, amidst the secrets of Nature, ever-growing food for reflection and delight : — ascending where the Muses sit, he might have gazed on transporting scenes, and transfigured beings ; and snatched, through heaven's half-unfolded portals, glimpses unutterable of things beyond.

In view of these obvious considerations, one of the strangest misconceptions is that which blinds us to the policy, as well as duty, of educating in the most finished manner our youth of large expectations, expressly to meet the dangers and fulfil the duties of *men of leisure*. The mischievous, and truly American notion, that, to enjoy a respectable position, ev-

ery man must *traffic*, or *preach*, or *practise*, or *hold an office*, brings to beggary and infamy, many who might have lived, under a juster estimate of things, usefully and happily ; and cuts us off from a needful, as well as ornamental, portion of society. The necessity of laboring for sustenance is, indeed, the great safeguard of the world, the *ballast*, without which the wild passions of men would bring communities to speedy wreck. But man will not labor without a *motive* ; and successful accumulation, on the part of the parent, deprives the son of this impulse. Instead, then, of vainly contending against laws, as insurmountable as those of physics, and attempting to *drive* their children into lucrative industry, why do not men, who have made themselves opulent, open their eyes, at once, to the glaring fact, that the *cause*,—the cause itself,—which braced their own nerves to the struggle for fortune, does not *exist* for their offspring ? *The father has taken from the son his motive !*—a motive confessedly important to happiness and virtue, in the present state of things. He is bound, therefore, by every consideration of prudence and humanity, neither to attempt to drag him forward without a cheering, animating principle of action,—nor recklessly to abandon him to his own guidance,—nor to poison him with the love of lucre for itself ; but, under new circumstances,—with new prospects,—at a totally different starting-place from his own,—to supply *other motives*,—drawn from our sensibility to reputation,—from our natural desire to know,—from

an enlarged view of our capacities and enjoyments, — and a more high and liberal estimate of our relations to society. Fearful, indeed, is the responsibility of leaving youth, without mental resources, to the temptations of splendid idleness! Men who have not considered this subject, while the objects of their affection yet surround their table, drop no seeds of generous sentiments, animate them with no discourse on the beauty of disinterestedness, the paramount value of the mind, and the dignity of that renown which is the echo of illustrious actions. Absorbed in one pursuit, their morning precept, their mid-day example, and their evening moral, too often conspire to teach a single maxim, and that in direct contradiction of the inculcation, so often and so variously repeated: “It is better to get wisdom than gold.” Right views, a careful choice of agents, and the delegation, *betimes*, of strict authority, would insure the object. Only let the parent feel, and the son be early taught, that, with the command of money and leisure, to enter on manhood without having mastered every attainable accomplishment, is more disgraceful than threadbare garments, and we might have the happiness to see in the inheritors of paternal wealth, less frequently, idle, ignorant prodigals and heart-breakers, and more frequently, high-minded, highly educated young men, embellishing, if not called to public trusts, a private station.

For the consideration of those who confound leisure with *idleness*, we would merely observe, that,

in their proper acceptation, the phrases, "a man of leisure," and an "idle man," are about as nearly synonymous as the terms, Patriot and Politician.

With such a class ornamenting the circles of our chief cities, we should soon see a modification of claims. The arrogance of simple wealth would stand rebuked, before the double title of those who superadded intellectual distinction. Accomplished minds, finding the air of fashionable assemblies more respirable, would more frequently venture into them. Society might be lively, various, and intelligent;—an alliance of wit, learning, genius, and fortune, on terms of just appreciation. Meanwhile, the higher standard of public sentiment in relation to intellectual pursuits would thrill along the nerves of literature and the arts,—to thousands, who now act in the belief, that money is the true and only Kalon. With the juster recognition of mental claims, and the increasing honors paid to letters by the *few*, would follow an increase of respect in the *many*. Thence would ensue rectified perceptions as to man's true aims; a calmer and righter mind; and a less blind subserviency to our too-besetting passions.

The People (meaning the mass) have been sharper sighted to their true interests than the rich. The means of elementary education are scattered everywhere; munificent funds are established in many of the States, which insure the benefit of common schools to all. Those inferior departments of knowledge, whose utility is more obvious to the multitude, and within their aims, have been provided for. But

where are the great foundations of the affluent? where the evidences of their high appreciation of a noble education? The sons of the laborer and mechanic are pushing forward; the distance is growing less and less between them and the heirs of the wealthiest citizen:—nay, often, privation and seclusion have done for the heart and the intellect of the one, what the amplest means and opportunity have failed to purchase for the other,—failed because misapplied, or not applied at all. Blindness to the real value of intellectual accomplishment lies at the root of common opinion; and must first be cured. The possessors of wealth may, then, be disenchanted of the notion, that their sons, if not installed in the counting-room, or distributed among the professions, must be blotted from the roll of useful citizens.—They must and *can* be convinced, that our greatest want is the want of an order combining superior means with illuminated minds; and that the two especial testimonies, required by their country, at the hands of the opulent, are,—building towers of light to preserve rational liberty, amidst the fogs and shallows of democratical fanaticism; and bequeathing to her their sons equipped, either for public or private life, by a *consummate education*.

These views, carried out, would soon enrich us with intellectual men of fortune, numerous enough to infuse a nobler flavor into miscellaneous society; and from whom, as from a springhead, would flow more elevated and just conceptions of the social du-

ties of a freeman and a gentleman, exempted by his patrimony from the task of acquiring property. Their habits, opinions, and attainments would be admired and imitated. We should have a class performing the functions of an Aristocracy, without its intolerable appendages. *Our* ornamental order would resemble one of our own peerless rivers, always present, to diffuse fertility and beauty, but always *changing* its healthful waters.

In addition to the foregoing thoughts, several of which refer more especially to the weal of that class whose primary coöperation with Men of Letters we deem important; others, of a more general and public cast, demand notice.

What are to be, hereafter, our governing objects? — What grand pursuit is to engross the nation, and breathe a spirit of unity through its members? — The mainspring of action in Republican Rome was the conquest of the World. While that purpose remained operative, the Conscript Fathers continued simple, virtuous, and free. All know her subsequent history; and all can see the Phantom which stands upon her ruins, beckoning to us from the depths of time! — Whether for warning, or for some more prophetic purpose, futurity must disclose. — From a career of conquest, the spirit of our government, the spirit of our religion, the spirit of the age, cut us off. Thus far, the business of establishing a novel system; — the organization of internal interests important and unique; — taking advantage of the conflicts of the world to lay the foundations of our

commerce broad and deep ; — peopling the wilderness ; — opening internal communications ; — accumulating capital ; — preparations, in short, to hold up our head among the nations who *do business on a large scale*, — have been occupation enough ; enlivened, as our brief existence has been, with one European, and numerous Indian wars. But, when we shall have admitted our last State, settled our last prairie, and completed our highway to the Pacific, what are we to set about ? — Are money-making, and political wrangling about trifles, to constitute our only business ? as if this were the purpose for which Heaven has intrusted us with the World's great problem.

Set apart under circumstances more favorable to a virtuous career than ever fell to a nation's lot, we seem appointed to the proof of one of these two great propositions ; namely, *That man can*, or *That he cannot*, govern himself. Rousing ourselves with the thought, that we are experimenting for the benefit of all, — cutting, as it were, the *die* wherewith Freedom is to be stamped on the family of Nations, — with what care should we look around us, with what unanimity seize whatever offers to our system stability and fame ? But, without a national literature to report, expound, and celebrate, how can our actions and institutions be rescued from obloquy ; how brought out in the clear light of truth and reason ; how surrounded with those associations which bind a man to his country by the mysterious cords of national feeling, and attract towards it the sympa-

thies of strangers? If Republican institutions level all to the pursuit of money, and the ephemeral contests of party, what *honor* can await us, even if we remain united? Uninviting would be the spectacle of a People, numerically great, with every glorious niche of mind unfilled! We might rank, *perhaps*, with the children of Fo, and be, in nought but abused advantages, below the tea-gatherers and potters of China. But is this the spirit becoming men whom it would be dangerous to call the *degenerate* sons of Englishmen? A national literature is the *left arm of national glory*. Our polity may convert the western wilderness into a garden, the arctic snows may be beaten by our sledges, tropical fertility may redouble beneath our toil, our commerce may float round the watery world, — granting all this to be *possible* without a lofty, overruling intellect; — still, where would be our ascendancy? Where our monument? where our influence on future times?

Cast your thoughts backward, and say, What transpired in Egypt, between Sesostris and Nectanebis? what in Assyria, between Ninus and Sardanapalus? what in Persia between Rustan and Cyrus? — Yet these were predominating Empires. We see dimly, through the mists of antiquity, vast shapes wearing kingly crowns, moving in the twilight, with power in their hands, and violence in their hearts; we hear the indistinct tread of their innumerable armies; and, here and there, a pillar remains to indicate the conqueror's foot. Their pyramids, their mighty rock-hewn sepulchres, the fragments of their

gigantic temples, bespeak their industry, superstition, and despotism. But the lessons which their minuter history might have taught, are for ever lost. They, and others like them, were not *lettered nations*, and they have passed away, with all their vast and complex interests, with all their glory or ignominy, with all that could instruct and influence after ages. How different with that little people, — whose emblem, the image of either of the Empires just named might hold in the hollow of his hand, — who, for only about three centuries, bustled, fought, wrote, built, declaimed, and colonized; and then was swallowed up by vulgar conquest! To the present hour, their philosophy instructs, their poetry inspires, their heroism nerves, their great men are our types, their temples are our models, their artists are our wonder, their battle-grounds are holy, their name, fame, and influence are bounded only by the cope of heaven, and by noble sensibility in the breast of man! — Therein, see the power of mind: — mark, how pervading intellect surpasses barbaric splendor and vast dominion: — acknowledge, when Time has done his office, how the halo round the head of genius transcends the bauble of a King.

Direct your thoughts, once more, to our maternal Island. — Compare her colonial expansion, her impregnable stations, her Neptunean armament, her viceregal empire, with the cloudy spot amidst the northern seas, where is the hiding of her power. She ransacks the Desert, and ransacks the Pole: —

she sifts for the gems of the Deccan, she pumps for the ore of Mexico :—her warehouses and looms supply the world :—her treasury pays the conflicts of nations. Yet, true to her glory, she has studied and discovered the secrets of the starry heavens ; she has fathomed and revealed the laws of the mind ; she has carried up natural and moral truth to the Great Source itself of all ; she has shadowed herself with poetic laurels, which Greece might envy.

With such precedents, such a parentage, what must be *our* future estimate, unless we take in the strong conviction, that gain is not glory, or physical increase moral greatness ? The field of our duties is wide, beneficent, and noble. It is ours, to put the crowning hand to the institutions of Liberty, and to prove their entire adequacy to safety, tranquillity, and justice :—to show, that Religion can flourish without human enactments ; Government be strong without an army ; property respected, where the many rule ; personal dignity revered without aristocratic rank ; and that *the highest intellectual attainment* can coexist with Republican equality. To satisfy the world on these and such-like points, by our happy example and philosophical comments, is a godlike trust. — Its triumphant discharge would probably banish Despotism from the civilized earth. — How magnificent our position for these and other purposes, not now to be discussed, which Providence may design to unfold, through our agency, to myriads who know as little of the light of Salvation, as

of that of Liberty. Seated between the seas, on a nobler territory than was ever the portion of one kindred and language ; divested (fortunately, we hope,) of old systems and prejudices, the operation of present causes, if not arrested, must at no distant period arm this Union with *unrivalled power* ! If her intelligence and virtue could be made commensurate with her responsibilities, she might sit like the Vicegerent of Eternal Justice among the children of men. A calmer grandeur, less astonishing energy, (because less *needed*,) would characterize her, than have distinguished the tiny England ; whose ascendancy rests, not on numbers and territory, but on bright, immaterial pillars, which we dread to see vanishing from beneath her, like the departing rainbow. *Should* that day of eclipse and sorrow come, — should the ancestral spirit, which has so long disdained to meet its foes except beyond the sea-mark, find its vigor spent, its star declining, — may We have the happiness to interpose the filial buckler, and teach the danger to Autocrats of any air sweetened by the language of our fathers !

How easy to sketch, how difficult to realize ! — difficult, only, because man is selfish, reckless, and corrupt. The possibility is ours, — the staff of power is in our hand : — no foreign foe can take it from us. It may be broken by domestic quarrels ; it may be cast away by levity, or a short-sighted policy. Disunion may reduce to fragmentary parts what would have been the greatest Commonwealth,

and the most transcendent political spectacle, ever witnessed beneath the sun.

An important agency in averting these disasters, and bringing out the true results of Liberty, devolves on men of Letters. In the axiom of a sagacious writer, Instructed Reason is the necessary conservator of free institutions. From men who realize the magnitude of the *principles* involved in ours, but who despise the squabble for *trusts* under them ; — who appreciate the power conferred by national and individual wealth, but who disapprove the insensibility to reputation engendered by excessive thrift ; — who are apprized by an examination of many forms of polity of their general relations to human nature, — who know how the strong have fallen, and the wise have erred ; — unfettered by the dogmas of any party, and wearing the badge of no profession ; — from such men, *if such there be*, we have a right to expect comprehensive views of national interests, profound expositions of fundamental questions, and a just sensibility to national glory. If such men do *not* exist among us, then are we destitute of an order indispensable to the dignity and safety of a free state. Is it not undeniable, that men in office stand in a perilous dilemma between their convictions and their constituents ? What is the essential difference to the *public* between statesmen without the second sight, and those, whose position entails on them the perpetual curse of unbelief ? — Is it not plain, that the nation will *not* assent, with unity, to any theorems of political philosophy thrown

out amidst the peals and flashes of debate? — A great debater is charged with the double and opposite properties of the magnetic poles. Without able *writers*, who identify themselves with no section, sect, or party, there can be no incorruptible tribunal of public opinion, no high test of principles or men. All is left to the wild, conflicting jargon of the party press, — where each side confirms itself in error, and denies and discredits whatever is repugnant to its interest or its prejudices.

An immediate advantage from elevating the literary standard, would show itself in the diurnal prints. We should have the intelligence required by the age served up with more elegance and skill; with less coarse invective, less personal abuse, more argument, and less clamor. Decency accompanies refinement, refinement springs from knowledge. Moreover, with a literary arena, a recognised and honored field for the exercise of every species of talents, ambitious and ardent minds would feel less the necessity of seeking glory at the hands of the people. Their gifts, we know, are limited in number, and the scramble must be violent, and the artifices multiplied, in proportion to the supernumerary applicants. A less bitter contest would ensue from the diminution of political seekers, as well as from the salutary influence, which a growing and respected literature would exercise on the public mind.

The observer of the last twenty years, notwithstanding the engrossments of party strife, and the

universal hurry to grow rich, descries, here and there, minds of clearer substance, springing up like lights in a dark place, growing visible at a distance, and beginning to touch our vanity as a people. Names could now be cited, in the ranks of science and literature, which the nation cherishes. — We advert to them, as omens, that keep hope alive.

If considerations like the foregoing administer any spur to their national pride, any motives to their sense of duty, any concentration to their secret wishes for personal distinction, let literary men press forward: — greater wonders have been achieved than to bring this nation to a juster estimate of the claims we are urging. First of all, let them lift every voice, unite every influence, never desist from importunity, till *one change* is effected. Cottons and woollens have felt our protecting care, and all the interests of the spindle and the loom. Not so the native fabrics of thought, not so the sparkling woofs of fancy. Careful by our treaties and tariffs to place physical industry on an equal footing with competitors, we have left the lettered *intellect* of our country, under the difficulties incident to a new people, under the natural discouragements of a commercial spirit, under the derisive sneers of foreign nations, to struggle with great and wholly *unnecessary* disadvantages. The regions which acknowledge the English language, whether on this or that side the sea, constitute the great theatre on which every writer of that language is entitled to

fair play. Why, then, leave our reciprocal laws on their present basis? — It is, now, the interest of every American Publisher to reprint, by thousands, English books, because a remuneration to the Author forms no item in his account. To place our countryman, therefore, on his own soil, on a par with English writers in the estimate of American Publishers, his labor must be gratuitous. Few will consent to that. The consequence is, the republication of the ephemeral trash of the English press in fugitive volumes, or dished to our morality under inviting “family” names, while the starving American scholar finds, no doubt, in cases never heard of, the same cordial reception of his proposals, that seems to have met the first modest applications of “A Year in Spain.” — The English, as greater producers of books, would gladly make our copyright valid, if we would reciprocate. Their writers feel it, and resent it, as ungenerous, (Scott the novelist, and Scott the theologian, are cases in point,) to vend innumerable editions of their works, without allowing them an author’s hard-earned recompense. We, on the other hand, at a triflingly enhanced price for future works only, should have taken the first considerate step towards building up a National Literature.*

Let men, whose reflections have made them sensible how wanting this Union has been to herself,

* These remarks preceded the late movements in England and America on this subject.

lose no opportunity to impress on others their own convictions. Let the Lyceums, and Athenæums, and every other literary forum, occasionally hear cutting truths and mortifying comparisons, instead of abstract discussion and elegant flattery; till the national sensibility is touched, and a blush called forth for the desolation of the high places of Letters. Where is the library in this powerful Empire (with one partial exception), that a sixpenny German Palatine would honor with the name? — Where are the archives in more than a single State, from which its own history could be written? — Where are our observatories? — Where are our fellowships? — Where are the sums paid out for exploration and discovery? — What national care or favor, as a people, have we extended to any *high* department of knowledge? The consequences have not falsified common laws. We have effected — much that it would be wrong to discredit, — some things excellent of their kind, — but *nothing great*. We have no literary corps, — few thoroughly educated men. *Have* we a master capable of rising, in a learned and eloquent system of political ethics, to the height of even our *own* “great argument,” of instructing while he delights, and cautioning while he animates, the nations who are girding up their loins for the Day of Freedom?

In metaphysics, truly, we boast a writer whose position (assigned by more instructed judges than ourselves) is second to few that ever reasoned of “fate, fixed fate, *free will*, foreknowledge abso-

lute." Yet so strange is our insensibility, that it may be doubted whether more than one half of any miscellaneous audience would understand the plainest allusion to their immortal countryman.

But can envy, herself, deny the splendor of our achievements in mechanics? — O, the *Cotton-Gin* and the *Steam-Boat*! — One has created wealth so endless, that the riches of Cræsus and Midas, and the fables of Aladdin, and the treasures of nations are inadequate allusions! The other hurries to the marts of commerce our abundant products, and our restless people, till the Father of Waters has become a race-way for foaming wheels; and the Red Man of the Upper Lakes no longer imagines the fiery cloud to be the breath of an imprisoned spirit! — Matchless Benefactors! Your busy temples rest, your hearts no longer feel! But which of ours does not burn, to see Truth inscribing the niggard story on your urns! — Good, good, — redeeming, was our conduct to the veteran who divested his sword of the youthful bridal-knot to dedicate it to our injuries! — But how can we recompense senseless ashes? — and how obtain our own forgiveness?

It is impossible to expand the subject further. True-hearted earnestness, concentration, and perseverance would effect a change. The sincere co-operation of the rich alone would put causes in action, that would soon pervade and stimulate the whole community. — But, whatever present disap-

pointment may await hopes like these, literary men ought never to relax their efforts, never to undervalue their noble calling. Overlooked they may be, in the busy world, or beside the political idols of the hour; but they have sources of cheerfulness, and sustaining dignity, within, which neither fickle fortune, nor fickle party, can take away. Their peace of mind is not laid up in vessels which a demagogue can shatter; their honors are not transitory as the tenure of office; their independent thoughts are not tortured to conformity by the machinery of party; their soul's vital aspiration is not staked on the issue of a canvass; old age is not, to them, the "pinning atrophy" of worn-out or disappointed statesmen. A living fount of mental gladness sparkles in their bosom. Solitude is not solitude to them: the shadows of the past, the wide-spread, ever-varying Universe, are passing before them, and visions of the future beckon them on. Sometimes, perhaps, amidst the glare and hurry of a great metropolis, struck with the results of her confederated minds, the man of letters may feel useless and alone. Let him reflect, that all usefulness, and all happiness, are a compromise; and that periodical eclipses are the price of habitual enthusiasm. Let him ponder, and compare;—but never mistake so widely as to link, even in wish, his immortal part to the drag-rope of the world's affairs. His pursuits refer to higher, though less obvious things; to ideal beauty,—abstract truth,—universal interests,—enduring prin-

ciples: they bring wealth to the soul, and transport to the mind: they drop seeds which shoot up a growth for perpetuity: they collect radiance for the torch which Faith waves to man, contending with shadows and billows on this world's shore, ere his eye catches that fixed and purer beam, which burns alway on the battlements of his final home.

A
DISCOURSE,
PRONOUNCED AT NEW HAVEN,
BY REQUEST OF
THE COMMON COUNCIL,
AUGUST 19, 1834,
IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LIFE AND SERVICES
OF
GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

THE idea of substantiating by notes several of the following statements, suggested itself. But ampler and abler illustrations of this great and good man's life will doubtless soon be before the public. It is a subject worthy of elevated genius ; and one on which certain arrogant writers require refutation and rebuke. I am not conscious of having compromised the *literal truth*, by a single assertion, phrase, or epithet, in these pages. Authorities can be cited not only for every fact, but in justification of the moral importance attached to the facts. The substance of one remark, that, namely, on page 160, relative to the "*extent*" of our obligations to Lafayette, I recently received from an intelligent friend, and believe to be entitled to entire credit.

Highwood, Sept. 5th, 1834.

DISCOURSE.

To interpret the characters of illustrious men is one of the critical offices of history. Insufficient, or conflicting testimony, and the deceptive lights of prejudice and passion, render it, often, a task of painful scrutiny. But, from time to time, examples of public virtue occur, clear, unequivocal, inexplicable on any other than noble principles; and the convictions and homage of mankind become universal. Happily, in the present instance, we are not called upon to exercise a jealous skepticism. Wherever the pulse of freedom beats, wherever the victims of oppression bleed, the name of Lafayette is pronounced with benedictions.

Let it not seem strange to say, that we are assembled on a happy occasion. We are come to indulge emotions sweet and salutary, to revive grateful recollections, to number up our obligations, and to praise one of the chief Fathers that begat us. Nothing connected with it need suggest a painful or reproachful thought,—we are all equally interested in the benefit and the recompense, and we can look on both with unmingled pleasure. To-day there are no distinctions;—whether citizens or

scholars, — by whatever name distinguished, — to whatever sect or creed attached, — our hearts must beat in grateful unison. For once, our consciences are clean, and our robes are white : — no enemy, as we stand about his tomb, can taunt us with ingratitude to our Benefactor. He is gone ; but, honored as no other *ever* was, he has passed, spotless, through his great ordeal ; alway proving himself the pure, simple, consistent friend, and ardent advocate, of the rights of his fellow-creatures. We come up, therefore, with a solemn joy, to hang our garlands on his urn, and to speak of his usefulness and glory.

When the history of our ancestors is examined, subsequently to their arrival on this continent, to say nothing of prior causes, it seems to have issued in natural results. We look, without surprise, at the stern jealousy of liberty, which became an early and striking manifestation of their character. A nation sprung from a few scattered religious congregations, self-planted in the wilderness ; sustained, from the outset, by the sweat of each brow, and defended by the valor of each arm, would naturally look with microscopic eyes at the minutest infringement of individual right. The common sentiment would be, We have toiled, fought, sacrificed, hoped, feared, alike, — we are therefore *equal*. We abandoned the safeguard of government for civil and religious liberty ; we owe our preservation and increase to no protector, — we are therefore *free*. These sentiments are the obvious result of their peculiar cir-

cumstances. When, therefore, foreign cupidity looked toward the harvests which began to decorate these fields, and claimed first-fruits of what the Pilgrims, alone, had labored to rear, and suffered to defend, it is not strange, that the very Genius of the land rose up. The Fathers of these States were born and reared in this spirit: they drew in with the breath of life, the breath of liberty.

But how came Gilbert Motier Lafayette instructed in the Freeman's creed? His young heart was not moulded at the firesides of New England;— he was not born in that old Bay State, so fatal, by day and by night, to all presumption;— the untamed blood of Pocahontas mingled not in his veins;— maternal lips never touched his sympathies by recitals of the hopes, fears, faith, and constancy of the little band who gazed from the deck of the Mayflower at the receding shores of England, and, afterwards, with no stay but God, stepped from the winter sea upon the inhospitable rock of Plymouth;— the pains of non-conformity had never driven him or his fathers to scrutinize the foundations of authority;— he did not learn the doctrine of Equal Rights in the Text Book of the Pilgrims. When the future Patriots of the Revolution were following their fathers to the harvest field, young Lafayette was surrounded with attendance and observance, as the precious orphan of a noble house in an old and ceremonious monarchy. While they were learning, at the schoolhouse and meetinghouse, the duties of freemen and Puritans, he was acquiring the accom-

plishments of a *preux chevalier* at the College of Louis le Grand, or was imbibing, in French palaces, devotion to beauty and royalty, as the page of Marie Antoinette.

Connected, by historic recollections, with all the haughty assumption of the feudal day, every illusion of transmitted glory and aristocratic pride seemed to conspire with a generous and fearless spirit, to develop in him the character of a gallant French Nobleman. Married at seventeen to an heiress of the illustrious and powerful house of Noailles, and raised ere nineteen, to the rank of a commissioned officer, he seemed in the very morning of life to possess all that nature and fortune can bestow. Personal distinction alone was wanting; and the path of honor lay open before him, attended with no other difficulties than those which make it honorable.

Surrounded with objects, opinions, and observances, calculated to dazzle and deceive, with every feudal and French prejudice bound thick upon his eyes, by what external illumination, or internal impulse, did his youthful mind discover the bearings of human rights? What causes called into life, and nourished the embryo of those principles, which at last found vent in the surprising act of devoting himself to the achievement of American Independence? These questions we cannot answer; for his initiation in the faith seems as independent of the instructions of those who were his elders, and, subsequently, his brethren, as that of Paul himself,

who tells us, that he “conferred not with flesh and blood.”

Suddenly, among the anxious, proscribed Patriots, who had commenced the great labor of establishing human liberty, appears from another hemisphere, a youthful and noble stranger, — not as a pupil, but an equal, — ardent as themselves, — clear-sighted, — well-instructed, — resolved to hazard all in their despised and doubtful cause! That resolution, — if he had perished on the sea, — if he had fallen by the first shot, — ought to have made his name sweet in every Freeman’s mouth, while Freedom shall endure. But it was not suffered to be unfruitful. Its consequences, as developed in our history, are great, — to France they have been momentous, — and they promise to be active, and, we fear, needful, for centuries to come. For, after all that has been done to diffuse the light of free institutions, the darkness of middle night hangs over much of Europe. Watchful eyes see, indeed, from the Rhine toward the Cimmerian borders, hill-top after hill-top grayly emerge, and slowly redden, — and they cling to *hope*; — wisely, for the seeds of constitutional liberty are, in fact, beneath the soil of many a spot, on whose surface no promise yet appears. The American traveller finds the German, yea, the Prussian, — though haughty and reserved while mistaking him for a Briton, — if made aware of his error, start into cordiality. Frankness and pleasure beam from his eye, — his sympathies quicken, — his questions become manifold; and, at parting, he

asks the *honor* to grasp a freeman's hand. This is no fiction. Few are aware how hallowed, and how deep, are their feelings, who worship Liberty as a mistress they never may possess. When such is the feeling of the People, and with such examples to encourage as now exist, Despotism cannot sit like the Ancient of Days. But years must roll on, — other battles must be fought, other patriots cloven down, — Poland rise, perhaps, and sink again, — ere that senate-house is built in Warsaw, under whose sacred porticoes the freemen of distant nations will delight to meet.

Among all who have labored in the great cause of man, none has acted a more benevolent, consistent, and illustrious part, than he who left a brilliant destiny in Europe to espouse the wrongs of these States. It is impossible to do justice to his actions and principles in a brief essay; for the first are connected with the protracted changes of a memorable age; and the latter lie at the root of all just government. This is the less to be regretted, as much of his life is a familiar story, and as his principles are identical with our own political faith. As if every thing conspired to prove his sincere convictions, and his noble disinterestedness, the moment of his embracing our cause was one of overwhelming gloom. So discouraging did our prospects seem, (Washington being then on his retreat through Jersey, with a handful of defeated followers,) that the American Commissioners deemed themselves bound in conscience and honor to dissuade a highly-

connected youth from so unpromising an enterprise. His answer to their candid remonstrance embodies the spirit of his whole life. "Hitherto," said young Lafayette, "I have done no more than wish success to your cause. I now go to serve it. The more it has fallen in public opinion, the greater will be the effect of my departure. Since you cannot procure a vessel, I will purchase and fit one out at my own expense ; and I will also undertake to transmit your despatches to the Congress." — He purchased a vessel, eluded his pursuers, embarked, and made a successful winter passage over seas beset with British cruisers. He presented the despatches of our Commissioners to the American Congress, and, with them, — made an offer of himself.

Here, my countrymen, let us pause. — Point me, if you are able, to a parallel ; — my own recollections do not supply it. — He was no needy adventurer, pushing his fortunes in the new world ; — no disgraced profligate, seeking to cover his branded front with a military chaplet ; — no reckless misanthrope, embittered by disappointment till perils had become grateful ; — he was no follower of vulgar glory, no lover of the trade of murder. Adorned with talents and virtue, possessor of a princely revenue, basking in the royal favor, blessed with conjugal happiness, — with hopes thick clustering round his noble head, "as blossoms on a bough in May," — he forsook all, came to us from beyond the ocean, asked leave to pay his own expenses, and fight, as a volunteer, in our naked and barefoot regiments !

“ We were but warriors for the working day ;
Our gayness and our guilt were all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field,
And time had worn us into slovenry ;
But, by the mass, our hearts were in the trim.”

What names stand out in history as virtuous heroes, — Patriots, — self-devoted ? — Does Alfred occur to you ? — A prince by birth, he was reduced by the invaders of his country to the condition of an outlaw, — obliged to refuge in dens and caves, while his kingdom was pillaged before his eyes, and portioned out by barbarians. *His* incentive to heroic daring was personal degradation, a present foe, aggravated injury, — his recompense, his own rescued country and a throne. — Similar wrongs, similar incentives, nerved the virtuous and valiant heart of Gustavus. Himself imprisoned by Christiern, his country enthralled, injury on injury heaped on Sweden, — he, at last, broke loose, and poured the deluge from the hills of Dalecarlia. — Leonidas ! — Cato ! — Phocion ! — Tell ! One peculiarity marks them all : they dared and suffered for their *native* land. Who else has *ever* gone forth, alone, to a distant shore, to combat for human rights in the cause of a weak, despised, and unknown people ? — The Pilgrim Fathers, the Men of the Revolution must yield, in this last touch of disinterestedness, to the Stranger.

His offer was not declined by Congress : it was accepted in words with which we are all familiar.

A few weeks afterwards he was wounded at Brandywine, and his gallantry especially noticed

in Washington's despatch. We cannot and need not dwell on his ardent and steadfast attachment to the American cause till peace crowned it with success. You know that he came to us in his own ship, freighted with munitions of war which he distributed gratuitously to our army ; that he clothed and put shoes on the feet of the naked and suffering soldiers ; that he equipped and armed a regiment at his own expense ; — that he not only received no pay, but expended in our service between the years 1777 and 1783, seven hundred thousand francs.* He was ever ready to expose himself. General Greene says : "He is determined to be in the way of danger." He participated in the hardships of the troops, and felt for their mortifications with a brother's tenderness. Listen to his language.

After his return from France in 1780, where he had successfully used his influence with the French Court to procure succours ; and had announced to Congress that a strong armament would soon follow him ; he writes thus to Samuel Adams ; pressing for the troops and supplies promised by Congress to coöperate with the French. "All Europe, my dear Sir, have their eyes upon us ; they know nothing of us but by our own reports and our first exertions, which heightened their esteem ; — and by the accounts of the enemy and dissatisfied persons, which were calculated to give a very different opinion ; — so that, to fix their own minds, all the nations are now looking at us ; and the consequence of

* Hayne's Speech.

America in the eyes of the world, as well as its liberty and happiness, depends on the following campaign. The succour sent by France I thought to be very important, when at Versailles ; and, now that I am on the spot, I know it was highly necessary ; and, if proper measures are taken, I shall more heartily than ever enjoy the happiness I had of being somewhat concerned in the operation. But, if things stood as they now do, I confess, whether as an American soldier, or as a private man, who has said much, and knows Congress have ordered much more to be said, on the future exertions of America ; and who took particular delight in praising the patriotic spirit of the United States, I should feel most unhappy and distressed, were I compelled to tell the people who are coming, full of ardor and sanguine hopes, that we have no army to coöperate with them ; and no provisions to feed the few soldiers that are left. But I hope, my dear Sir, it will not be the case ; and, more particularly depending on the exertions of your State, I know Mr. Samuel Adams's influence and popularity will be, as heretofore, employed in the salvation and glory of America. If proper measures are taken for provisions ; if the States do *immediately* fill up the continental battalions by good drafts, which is by far the best way ; if all the propositions of the Committee are speedily complied with ; I have no doubt, that the present campaign will be a glorious and decisive one." — "Give me leave, my dear Sir, to suggest to you one idea. All the Continental officers labor under the

most shameful want of clothing. When I say shameful, it is not to them, who have no money to buy, — and no cloth easily to be bought. — But you may conceive what will be their and our feelings, when they shall be with the French general and other officers. And from a general idea of mankind, and human honor, it is apparent how much we should exert ourselves to put the officers and army in more decent clothing.” — Whose language is this? who talks thus to Samuel Adams? — Who appeals in this strain to Massachusetts? — From Washington, on whom rested the responsibility of the war, it might not seem remarkable.

Adams replies: “Gratitude to so generous an ally, as well as due attention to our own safety, interest, and honor, lays us under the strongest obligations to be in readiness to coöperate with the greatest advantage. I have long been fully sensible of your most cordial and zealous attachment to our great cause. If it were possible to be forgetful of it for a moment, my particular friendship *for you* would be a prevailing inducement to make my utmost feeble exertions to prevent your disappointment after the great pains you have taken to serve us. I think I may venture to predict, that this State will comply with the requisition upon her to give the utmost respectability to our army on so promising an occasion. I was in the council-chamber when I received your letter, and I took the liberty to read some parts of it to the members present; and I shall communicate other parts as prudence may dic-

tate." — The letter of a young Frenchman read to the Representatives of *revolutionary* Massachusetts to stimulate them to their duty! — This sample is enough.

In this spirit he wrote, fought, and negotiated from the first moment he set his foot on our shores till the termination of the war. His courage, prudence, generosity, and devotedness, — and his single-minded love of Washington, — are attested by all the chief actors in the Revolution, — they are matters of history, — they need not be dwelt upon, — they are engraven on our hearts. But we would hazard one remark, namely, that this people are yet to learn the *extent* of their obligations to Lafayette. Documents are believed to exist, which show his influence to have been *decisive* of the policy of the French Court; and, in regard to the expedition of Rochambeau, to have been the *sole cause* of that most important aid. He was, in fact, our able and zealous Minister, as well as our Major-General.

We must pass on to other periods less minutely known, perhaps, among ourselves, but not less essential to a just appreciation of his character; the remarkable features of which it is our aim to make apparent, rather than to present a complete biographical sketch.

Two months after the crowning stroke of the war, the surrender of Yorktown, where by the orders of Washington he carried a redoubt at the point of the bayonet, Lafayette returned to his native country. Most honorable testimonials were intrusted to him,

not simply of the deep gratitude of Congress, but of their entire confidence in his *wisdom*; and positive instructions were transmitted to our Ministers in Paris to confer with him on all our important interests, and “avail themselves of his information relative to the situation of public affairs in the United States.” Important they truly were; for the preliminaries of peace were yet to be adjusted, and our Independence to be recognised. By the French Court and capital he was received with proud distinction; Voltaire, at the zenith of his glory, pronounced his plaudit; the Queen bestowed the appropriate reward of chivalrous deeds,—her own angelic resemblance;—and the people actually drove him from Paris by their fêtes and ovations. An incident in one of his interviews with the King illustrates character. After being deeply interested in a long account of the chances of our fluctuating affairs, Louis suddenly asked Lafayette: “But where were you all this while?”

In the interval between his return to France in 1781, (of which we are now speaking,) and the commencement of the Revolution, various schemes of philanthropy engaged his attention. He also visited with distinguished honors the Courts of Joseph the Second and Frederic the Great. That sagacious veteran, who knew what it was to fight against odds; having dealt, single-handed, with four capital powers at once, besides “a rabble of German States;” expressed the highest admiration of Washington, and of the firmness with which the

American contest had been conducted. In 1784 Lafayette revisited the land of his adoption ; where peace and security were now established, and where blessings greeted him at every step : on this occasion he took a last leave of the Father of his country.

Troublous signs began now to appear in France. No direct agency is ascribed to Lafayette in the preliminary movements of the Revolution ; though it is not improbable, that his heroic devotion to liberty, as it caused a thrill of admiration through Europe, may have diffused some kindred sentiments. If such be, to any considerable extent, the fact, it proves the preparation of the public mind by other causes. Indeed, they had been long accumulating, — they lay deep and festering, — they were connected with old abuses and corruptions, — oppressive feudal laws, — absurd usages, — unjust exemptions, — immunities from taxation by the very orders who had acquired the fee-simple of the soil. Degradation and suffering had been deepening from reign to reign ; — dissatisfaction was at last becoming universal ; — discontent finding a tongue ; — the vials of wrath, drop by drop, were approaching the brim. Yet, heretofore, few external tokens indicated the unstable foundations on which the monarchy was resting. A people accustomed to suffer is patient ; and, without instruction or a press, has no means of comparing grievances, and uniting for redress. Had a firmer or a wiser prince governed at the time, the catastrophe might perhaps have been postponed.

But, bloody as it was,—dreadful as its accompaniments,—diabolical as many of its agents,—inexorable and enduring as the despotism which followed,—perjured and apostate as the coalition which has succeeded that despotism over much of Europe,—disastrous as all these things are admitted to be, the French Revolution conferred blessings on the old world, which no price could purchase back again, which no obliterated catalogue of past sufferings would tempt freemen or Frenchmen to resign. What! the soil of a kingdom portioned out among untaxed Nobles and Clergy!—the Yeomanry of a nation tilling the ground they do not own, and *then* supplying from their hard-earned pittance in the form of taxes wherewithal to support the extravagance of a wasteful government,—leaving untaxed a numerous and profligate aristocracy, and an unprofitable clergy!—a *people* dwelling in wretched cottages, which they are not so happy as to own,—sweating over a landlord's furrow,—their children coarsely fed, and growing up in ignorance,—that gayety, idleness, and extravagance may fill the chateaus of the provinces, and that palaces may rise, at the bidding of the sovereign, transcending the splendor of Eastern fiction!

Be not misled by the writers of a nation kindred to ourselves, who fear *change*; nor dazzled by the eloquence of one, who might have formed more dispassionate opinions, had a breadth of ocean or of time been interposed between him and the phenomenon he execrated. Ask your own hearts, what

price is too dear to pay for the overthrow of the abuses just enumerated; or what treasure of blood, even, too abundant to exchange for equal rights, — equal taxes, — for freehold farms, — a free press, — for trial by jury, — for the absence of privileged orders, — for the instruction of the poor, — for the right of withholding supplies, — for a *constitutional, representative government*, no matter under what name. — These are the blessings on which Lafayette fixed his eyes at the beginning of that great drama, and on which he kept them steadfast through its unparalleled changes.

A bankrupt treasury was the immediate occasion of the overthrow of the French monarchy. Unable to conduct the government without money, and thwarted in every effort to obtain it, Louis, after much hesitation and perplexity, convened, in 1787, the first Assembly of the Notables. Instead of showing themselves subservient to the views of the Minister of Finance, by whose advice they were called together, and voting, under the decent forms of a discussion, the registry of the immense loans he proposed, they disputed his statements, opposed his plans, and assailed his character. Lafayette was a member of this body, and, at this early date, demanded sundry humane reforms, and made a formal call, which no man seconded, for the convocation of a National Assembly.

Appearing now on a new theatre, he at once found the advantage of his heroic apprenticeship in America. The emotions of Liberty were not now first

swelling in his bosom : enthusiasm had had time to throw off its froth ; immature opinions to ripen : he accordingly came into the first French Assemblies, at thirty-two years of age, with the dignity of a matriculated freeman. The calmness of formed opinions, the decision of a practical judgment, the moderation of a humane reformer, gave to his views a marked authority. And, had not the blindness of the French Court been past cure, and the bondage of the nation so abject, and their sufferings so prolonged and bitter, that an inebriation of frantic joy seems to have been inevitable on the rupture of their shackles, his influence with both might have spared them some lessons, which it is to be hoped the world will not have a second time to learn.

The dissolution of the first Assembly of Notables was not long delayed ; the convocation of the second ; the subsequent assembling of the States General,—a body composed of representatives from the nobles, clergy, and people ; — their contests ; — and the victory of the popular branch, by whose influence the three estates were merged in one promiscuous chamber, which declared itself, under the title of the *National Assembly*, the sole representative of the people ; — these, and other movements of that day of perplexity and change, can only be alluded to.

The success of the American cause, perhaps, inspired Lafayette with more sanguine anticipations as to the regeneration of France. He knew the practicable union of Liberty and Law : his mental

eye beheld that most beautiful of the works of man, a Free Constitution, — and he no doubt ardently coveted for France the inestimable boon. How soon it became apparent to him, that the ignorance and corruption of the lower orders, and the sinister purposes of their leaders, were jeoparding the hopes of all good men, is, on our part, conjectural. But he who sat on the same benches with Mirabeau; who knew his life; and was daily witness of his amazing sagacity and domineering eloquence, could not but be aware of danger from such a colleague. It was not possible for a judge of human nature to see such individuals as Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, rising into influence on the seats of the Jacobins, without inward misgivings: — or to know, without deep apprehensions, that the Duke of Orleans was near; prepared by his wealth and wickedness to pension the most abandoned agents, and abet the blackest conspiracies. Once, the resistless influence of Lafayette expelled this incendiary from the kingdom, but he soon re-appeared on a scene so congenial. Contrasted with such characters, how pure a radiance surrounds the name we are met to honor. Amidst their wild theories, endless intrigues, self-seeking ambition, perjury, treachery, and blood, — their dark cabals and hydra-headed clubs, — he moves like a being left to preserve the resemblance of wisdom and goodness from perishing from among a fated people.

From the outset, he justly appreciated the changes needful to his country, and suited to her genius. He

opposed absolute monarchists on one hand, and republicans and Jacobins on the other. He decided that a monarchy, rendered harmless by free institutions, was the government best adapted to the French. This opinion he supported through every change, till its final establishment, in 1830, by a second revolution, as honorable as the first was revolting. A striking testimony to his sagacity is furnished by part of a letter addressed to him, as late as 1815, by Mr. Jefferson.

Referring to opinions of his own, expressed in the beginning of the Revolution, he says to Lafayette: —“ You thought otherwise, and I found you were right. Unfortunately, some of the most honest and enlightened of our patriotic friends did not weigh the hazards of a transition from one form of government to another; — the value of what they had already rescued from those hazards, and might hold in security, if they pleased; — nor the imprudence of giving up the certainty of such a degree of liberty under a limited monarch, for the uncertainty of a little more under the form of a republic. You differed from them; you were for stopping there, and for securing the Constitution which the National Assembly had obtained. Here, too, you were right; and from this fatal error of the Republicans, and the Constitutionlists in their councils, flowed all the subsequent sufferings and crimes of the French nation.”

That Lafayette could not control, and direct to happy ends, the dangerous elements let loose, is not

strange,—it would have been miraculous could he have done so. For there were assembled provincial nobles, jealous of each other, and of the more elevated orders,—lawyers bent on becoming judges,—inferior members of the church looking askance at the mitre,—aspiring men of the *tiers état* determined no longer to be kept down,—closet politicians and conceited theorists broaching novel doctrines with each returning day, and supporting every species of impracticable absurdity. But, on the other hand, the influence which he actually exercised with all parties through the two years' sitting of the first, or Constituent Assembly, (meaning that which established the Constitution,) and afterwards with the second, or Legislative Assembly, till the Jacobins obtained the ascendancy, and the Reign of Terror began, is a memorable exhibition of the power of virtue. A republican and reformer, he was trusted by the King ;—an inflexible friend and supporter of the King within constitutional limits, he was trusted by the people ;—the bitter enemy of misrule, he was worshipped by the mob ;—condemning and curbing the *sans-culottes*, and the emissaries of the Jacobins,—down even to the time of his last daring, solitary visit to Paris, to denounce these miscreants,—his popularity continued to be such, that a tree of liberty, adorned with laurels and garlands, was planted before the door of his Hotel. His opinions had a primary influence in shaping the Constitution ; his Declaration of Rights was the basis of that adopted : he was regarded as

the eldest son of Liberty; and he disseminated ideas, which, though buried for a time under the ruins of the constitution and laws, have lain, like seeds deep-hidden in the earth, to attain to after fruitfulness.

His most essential service, however, to his fellow-citizens of that day, was the preservation of order in the capital. The Assembly, finding requisite some military counterpoise to the royal troops, chose him, with the King's approbation, commander of the civic guard. He was soon afterwards made Commandant of the Parisian division of the *National Guard*, a force (somewhat like a militia) regularly instituted and armed, throughout the kingdom, pursuant to his advice. The old white, joined to blue and red, the colors of the city, were adopted as their symbol. Addressing the Assembly on the subject of this new establishment, he uttered these remarkable words: — "Gentlemen, I bring you a cockade, which shall make the tour of the world; and an institution, at once civic and military, which shall change the system of European tactics, and reduce all absolute governments to the alternative of being beaten if they do not adopt it, or of being overthrown if they do."

Idolized by this national military, composed chiefly of respectable and substantial citizens, zealous to repress licentiousness, he was for two years the absolute master of Paris. His influence alone made her streets safe at noonday, and secured each returning night from the perpetration of frightful

tragedies. During this period of wild fermentation, when all the ancient institutions of the monarchy, crown, mitre, and coronet, rooted prejudices, and revered customs, were cast into the crucible of the Assembly, to undergo a transformation into forms of theoretic beauty, Lafayette succeeded in preserving the domestic sanctuary from violence, and more than once snatched his unhappy sovereign and the ill-starred Queen from impending butchery.

That indescribable crusade from Paris to Versailles, composed of beings

“ Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned,”

has occasioned a writer, not often censurable, to soil the candor of his own pure page, by leaving there a surmise to the prejudice of one, whose whole life refutes it, and whose interposition on this critical occasion unquestionably preserved the Queen. Sir Walter Scott had no *right* to hint at disloyalty, or even negligence, on the part of Lafayette, after the unwearied exertions, and the known facts, of that day. The interior posts of the palace were not in his charge. To the Swiss and the body-guard they were exclusively intrusted; and through a private passage in charge of, and overlooked by the latter, the assassins entered. Lafayette solicited of the King, for himself and his National Guard, the protection of the *interior* posts also; but the *exterior* only were assigned him. This is expressly stated by the daughter of Necker, who was on the spot,—in the palace,—participated in the terrors of the

night, — knew all the movements, communications, and instructions of Lafayette, and would naturally remember them while memory continued to perform her office. “It is therefore absurd,” says Madame de Staël, “to censure M. Lafayette for an event so unlikely to happen. No sooner was he apprized of it, than he rushed forward to the assistance of those who were threatened, with an ardor which was acknowledged at the moment, — before calumny had prepared her poison.” — But, however generous or impartial, (and Sir Walter is both,) a British Tory writer is, perhaps, as incapable of a hearty sentiment towards Lafayette, as of complacency in the laurels of Decatur.

The King, in compliance with the demands of the mob, gave orders for the immediate removal of the Court to Paris. But Lafayette, apprehensive of danger to the Queen from the armed and infuriated rabble, who were yet howling every blasphemous and obscene execration under the windows of the palace, proposed to her to appear with him on the balcony. With calm dignity she presented herself. Not being able to make himself heard, he conceived, says Sarrans, the happy idea of kissing the hand of Marie Antoinette. *Vive la Re'ne ! — Vive Lafayette !* resounded from the multitude. He then led out and embraced one of the body-guard, whom he had just saved from assassination. *Vivent les Gardes du Corps !* echoed from the mouths of these consistent reformers. On his return to the royal closet, Madame Adelaide, the aunt of Louis, em-

braced him, and called him the saviour of the King and his family. To the time of their deaths, the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth publicly acknowledged, that to Lafayette they were indebted, on this memorable occasion, for their lives. — These are the statements of an intimate friend and aid-de-camp of General Lafayette, who collected the facts from his own lips, and his written memoranda. By an American audience, therefore, they will be esteemed of some validity.

The work of the Constituent Assembly, the *Constitution*, was now finished, and the preparations completed for solemnizing its adoption. This remarkable scene is thus, in substance, presented to us.* In the immense plain of the Champ de Mars, within a vast amphitheatre erected by the personal labor of all Paris, and capable of containing four hundred thousand people, a temple was formed by gigantic columns, enveloped with ivy and laurel, connected by festoons of foliage. In the centre of it was placed an altar, and thereupon was laid the Book of the Constitution. Here the King, the National Assembly, and the People, convened to take an oath to support the revised Constitution, and to defend the cause of Liberty. Numbers came up from the distant provinces, and from remote parts of Europe, as spectators of this great Confederation. On the 14th of June, 1790, the citizens began to assemble at daybreak: at a later hour, the National Guard, led by Lafay-

* By Dr. Moore.

ette, followed by the electors of the city of Paris, the members of the municipality, the Deputies of the National Assembly, the Deputies from the different Departments, a deputation from the army and navy, headed by the two Marshals of France, proceeded to the spot. Their banners and colors were placed round the altar. Two hundred Priests, dressed in garments of white linen, decorated with the national-colored ribbons, were stationed on its steps. At the head of these (worthy High Priest of the first Revolution!) stood Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, who had been appointed to administer the oath of confederation. The King, for that day only, had been made supreme and absolute commander of all the National Guards of France. He delegated his authority to Lafayette, who thus became, for the time, the High Constable of all the armed men of the kingdom. The ceremony began by the celebration of mass. Lafayette, as the representative of the military of the nation, first took the oath. As he left the foot of the throne, and moved towards the altar, the trumpets began to sound, and an innumerable band of military music filled the air till he ascended its steps. In view of this immense concourse, he laid the point of his sword upon the Bible, which was on the table of the altar, and raising his other hand towards the sky, the music ceased, and a universal stillness succeeded, while he pronounced: "We swear to be faithful to the Nation, to the Law, and to the King; to maintain, to the utmost of our power, the Constitution decreed by

the National Assembly, and accepted by the King." — Of the heartless invocations and broken vows which followed the oath of Lafayette, we take no account. *His* pledge was ratified in Heaven, — length of days, wisdom, influence, and occasion, have all been granted. *Our* Patriot stands unperturbed ;

" Among the faithless, faithful only he."

After the second acceptance of the Constitution by the King, in 1791, pursuant to its revised decrees, he resigned the command of the Parisian National Guard, which he had held with such signal advantage to the capital, more than two years ; and retired to his native Auvergne. The Constituent Assembly ceased, about the same time, by a voluntary dissolution. But, soon after the convening of its successor, the Legislative Assembly, he was recalled, and intrusted with one of the three armies raised to oppose the coalition. His occupation on the frontiers emboldened the Jacobins to more open and daring proceedings. But, though in the camp, his mind was concentrated on their nefarious designs against their sovereign, the constitution, and the laws. He accordingly addressed a letter from his head-quarters to the Assembly, denouncing the Clubs, and, by name, their most dangerous abettors, — a measure of extreme boldness ; but transcended by a step soon after taken by himself. A passage only, from this letter, shall detain us.

" Can you conceal from yourselves, Gentlemen, that a faction, and, to avoid vague denunciations,

the Jacobin faction, has caused all these disorders ? I here openly accuse that faction. Organized like a separate power, in its source and its ramifications, blindly directed by a few ambitious leaders, that sect forms a distinct corporation amidst the French People, whose power it usurps." — "This faction, in public sittings, styles respect for the laws aristocracy, and their infraction patriotism ;—they pronounce eulogies on the assassins of Versailles, and panegyrize the crimes of Jourdan." — "It is I who denounce this sect ; and why should I longer delay to fulfil this duty, when the power of the constituted authority is daily diminishing, when party spirit is substituted for the will of the people, and when the boldness of agitators imposes silence on the peaceful portion of the citizens." — "Let the reign of the Clubs be annihilated by the reign of the law,—their usurpations by the firm and independent operation of the constituted authorities,—their disorganizing maxims by the true principles of Liberty,—their unbridled fury by the calm and steady courage of a nation who knows her rights and can defend them." — Can the mind conceive more noble and undaunted language, under circumstances so calculated to suggest caution to any man capable of intimidation.

Six days after the date of this letter, the Assembly was insulted by the irruption of the mob into their very hall ; whence, after fraternizing with the terrified members, they rushed to the Tuileries, planted a cannon against the gate, and broke into

the recesses of the palace. The royal family, on this occasion, escaped personal injury; but not the most distressing humiliation. On receiving intelligence of these outrages, Lafayette repaired unprotected to Paris, — entered almost alone that misguided and guilty city, — and stood before the bar of the astonished Assembly. Such resolution awed even the most daring Jacobins; they listened from their mountain benches, in dumb amazement, with emotions which demoniac natures can best parallel, to the indignant denunciations of the great Assertor of Liberty.

“ Abashed the Devil stood;
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely.”

Part only of his design was yet attempted. He immediately sought an interview with the unhappy King, and vainly urged every argument to persuade him to escape. His offers of safeguard were repulsed. The Queen declared it would be too much *again* to owe their lives to M. Lafayette. Motives, however, which they did not disclose, probably influenced their decision. Disappointed in both his hopes, namely, of bringing the Assembly to a sense of their duty, and of rescuing the royal family, he returned to the frontiers. This effort for the preservation of his King and country is worthy of comparison with his first great resolve in the cause of Freedom; and few actions of equal magnanimity are recorded in history. Scott admits courage and disinterestedness in this transaction; but there is no

unction in his phrase, not a particle of that spontaneous glow, which would have been found there had he been describing a similar action of the Douglas, Campbell, or Buccleugh. He admits what cannot be denied; but it is in *nullifying* language.—Such is human nature.—It is proof of what I before asserted.—And such will continue to be the treatment of all we love and honor, till we recount our own deeds to the sweeping of our own lyre.

The Jacobin ascendancy was now becoming supreme, and the dreadful tenth of August finally established that terrific popular Tyranny. Safety and humanity were no more. September came, that bloody September!—But gladly over the ensuing scenes we leave the veil.

The sound of the tocsin, or the voice of sympathy, could no longer reach Lafayette. The Constitution overthrown, himself denounced, commissioners for his arrest in the camp, fear and disaffection spreading among his own troops, he saw no alternative but an unprofitable death or exile. After posting his army in an advantageous position, and announcing the disastrous state of things, he retired with a few friends, with the intention of reaching Holland. The particulars of his arrest and illegal imprisonment must not detain us. We all know something of Austrian dungeons, whose actual details are not surpassed by the blood-curdling records of the Inquisition. It would baffle Dante himself to place an innocent sufferer in circumstances more calculated to break his spirit, if not subdue his vir-

tue.—The voice of the artillery, the gathering of the strife, the shouts, the groans, the ghastly spectacles, which signalize death's mightier banquets, are held terrible and trying to the heart of man. Yet thousands covet the joy of battle; and youthful frames have bid defiance to the thumb-screw and the rack. But few have sustained, unsubdued, long solitary imprisonment. No smile,—no human voice,—no intelligence from the external world,—the sun shut out,—the waxing and the waning seasons unperceived,—the yearning of the tenderest sympathies unsatisfied,—all a blank. Constrain the wretched prisoner, moreover, to say: To me, "*hope* never comes, that comes to all," and you have completed human woe. To the utmost of their power, the merciless violators of the Laws of Nations, who imprisoned Lafayette, fulfilled this category. When he was consigned to his dungeon, six by ten, in the castle of the Jesuits, with walls twelve feet thick, he was deliberately informed, that he would never more see any thing but the four walls of his prison,—that he would never again hear a human voice,—and that he would be designated in despatches to Government only by the number of his cell.

Are these the tender mercies of despotism?—Utter this to a fellow-creature!—who had violated no sanctuary, butchered no babes!—Come! O come! ye who abuse the blessings of Liberty,—and you, Unbelievers in all that is holy, and noble, and disinterested in the soul of man,—you who deride principle,—and deny in your hearts the *existence*

of virtue, — come, and see the adopted son of Washington in his dungeon at Olmutz! — Do you behold him? — A bed of straw, a table, and a chair, are all his accommodations. He is young, but his hair has fallen out with suffering, — he is weak, emaciated, and wan, — he has pined there two years, — he knows not whether his wife and children are in the abodes of the living, — he sees no friend, — he hears no voice! — What upholds him? — What prevents heart and flesh from failing utterly?

There, in secrecy and mystery, the place of his confinement long unknown, and his very existence a problem, he remained from 1793 to 1797. When his situation was disclosed, generous men, everywhere, felt commiseration. Washington appealed, — Jews advanced money, — strangers risked their lives for his escape. Yet, in the British House of Commons, on the motion of General Fitzpatrick for an inquiry into his case, with a view to the interference of Government for his release, Mr. Pitt denied that Lafayette was ever the real friend of liberty, and declared his detention no infraction of the law of nations, and opposed the motion as improper and unnecessary. Burke equally resisted it, denounced Lafayette, as the author of all the miseries that had befallen France, and ridiculed interference in his behalf. The answer of Fox is worthy of a brazen tablet; but it was unavailing. — It was not till the expiration of half his captivity, that Madame Lafayette and his daughters found their way to him.

Their presence could only be called the joy of grief; for who could witness the sepulture of the living objects of his affection without new and excruciating anguish.

Kidnapped by this same Austria, the Lion-Richard, for two years, beat his great heart against the bars of his dungeon, and might have mouldered there, — while his people were invoking every Saint to reveal his hermitage or his tomb, — had he not found, in his faithful Blondel, a Bollman and Huger.

This sad epoch is reviewed by us with a strange delight, as the last proof of firmness of mind, and also because it imparts to one, whom we before regarded with grateful love, a portion of the martyr's sanctity. If he would have recanted his Bill of Rights, if he would have joined the Royalists against France, he might at any moment have been free. — Here let those, if such there be, who, for trivial considerations, abjure their convictions, pause and wonder! Let such remember, too, that he, who, for the paltry prize of office, becomes the advocate of men or measures, disapproved by his conscience, is, virtually, *in arms against his country*. — All-seeing Providence alone can tell, how far this last test of his incorruptible spirit was requisite, to enable him, afterwards, to absorb and concentrate the whole power of France, in the crisis of 1830, and thus finally to lay the corner-stone of her liberties.

But while he lay immured, the victim of ungenerous Despots, a name was rising soon to prove

troublesome to their slumbers. The vulgar crimes, and mean oppression, we have been contemplating, do somewhat towards reconciling us to the ascendancy of a nobler Tyrant. Difficult as it is to avoid diverging to such a theme, we *must* refrain from any notice of the era of Napoleon. Suffice it to say, this was the day of wonders, — astonishing history, distancing fiction, — this the name, which haunted the peace of thrones, — the hand, that weighed them in the balances, and divided their ancient Borders, — the Captain, — the Lawgiver, — the terrible Agent, who almost fulfilled, with that tri-colored banner, the prophecy we have recited, —

“ Whose slightest motions filled the world with tidings ;
Waked he or slept, Fame watched the important hour,
And nations told it round.”

To his interposition, Lafayette owed his liberty : for, though in 1796 the first of British statesmen ridiculed interference in his behalf, not so thought repentant France in 1797. His release, and that of his fellow-sufferers, was, by the Directory, made an express stipulation in the treaty of Campo Formio. Irritated with the equivocations of the Imperial minister, Bonaparte at length despatched a former aid-de-camp of Lafayette's with this intelligible message to the Emperor : — that, if the prison-doors of General Lafayette were not open in one month from the date of the demand, himself and the army of Italy would appear before Vienna and unbar them for him.

Instantly after the establishment of the provisional Consulate, Lafayette, who had resided two years in Holstein, returned to France, and settled himself at La Grange, — informing the Consuls, that, since they once more professed the principles of 1789, his place was in France. But all the attempts of Bonaparte to attach him to his Government were unsuccessful, though he ever acknowledged most gratefully his obligations to the Commander of the army of Italy. A seat in the Senate, with thirty-six thousand francs per annum, and the dignity of Count of the Empire, with eighteen thousand more, were pressed upon him, and declined, though now reduced by confiscations, and by a long course of sacrifices in the cause of Liberty, to a meagre sufficiency. Had past events thrown no light upon his character, the all-seeing eyes of the First Consul must have speedily discerned the impracticability of winning such a man from his political convictions. Accordingly, after the frank exposition of his views, when called upon to vote the Consulate for life, no further propositions were made him. How many among even sincere patriots would have said: It is enough: — I have striven, sacrificed, suffered: — age is advancing, — poverty near, — can I overrule events? Shall I utterly sacrifice myself and my children to the still-receding hope of Liberty? — to a consistency which the selfish ridicule, and which even good men may think extreme? — But this fresh proof of the reality of his principles was not thrown away.

To the forgotten solitudes of La Grange he seemed now consigned for the residue of his days. There he watched the accumulation of power by the French Ruler; saw the Consulship develope itself into the magnificent pageant of the Empire, whose borders, — still advancing, — left the Rhine, the Pyrenees, and the Alps behind. Austerlitz, — Jena, — Friedland, — Wagram, — made no changes in the patriarchal hall of Lafayette; except, after the peace of Tilsit, restoring to him his son, who had till then served faithfully in the French armies, but against whose promotion the resentful Emperor was inflexible.

We may imagine him, during these years, occasionally turning, like Israel from Goshien, a meek but hopeful eye towards his far-off Promised Land of Liberty; in the ultimate attainment of which, says Madame de Staël, “his confidence is the same as that of a pious man in a future state.” An affecting proof of this assertion is presented by his answer to the solicitations of Mr. Jefferson, in 1804, to accept the provisional government of Louisiana. “Your proposition,” replied Lafayette, “offers all the advantages of dignity, wealth, and security; and I do not feel less warmly than I have done these thirty years, the desire of advancing with American liberty, in its progress over all the continent. But you, my dear friend, you also know and share my wishes for French, and consequently for European liberty. In America, the cause of mankind is gained and secured. Nothing can arrest, change, or sully

its progress. Here all is as lost, and without hope.* But for me to pronounce that sentence, — to proclaim it, as it were, by a final expatriation, — would be a concession so contrary to my sanguine nature, that, unless I were absolutely forced, I know not the land, however disadvantageous, and still less can I imagine the hope, however unpromising, which I could totally and irrevocably abandon. When I consider the prodigious influence of French doctrines upon the future destinies of the world, I think it will not be right in me, — one of the promoters of that revolution, — to admit the impossibility of beholding it, even in our time, reëstablished on its true basis, — that of a generous, a virtuous, in a word, an American liberty.”


While Europe was divided between astonishment and dismay, to see her ancient regal institutions, and her capital cities, toppling before the trumpets of Napoleon; and the eyes of the rest of mankind were aching in the attempt to pursue his eagles; the Veteran of Liberty gradually faded and disappeared from the thoughts of men. He was canonized in our memories with Washington, and our habitual feelings scarcely recognised their existence in separate worlds. But, when the wheels of the Man of Destiny began to wax weary, and his adamant heart to show signs of human faintness; — when driven in upon the vital point of his dominions; with innumerable and vindictive foes menacing not

* Bonaparte having become Emperor the same year.

only the capital, but endangering the independence, itself, of France,—who did not start, when, amidst the Imperial Dukes and Marshals, like the risen Spirit of the Constituent Assembly, appeared the long-forgotten form of Lafayette? How thrilling in our ears sounded his voice, pronouncing, — “Here must your course be stayed : Laws, and Rights, and Charters here begin. Duty now commands us to surround the tri-colored standard of 1789, the standard of liberty, equality, and public order.”

His speech and propositions, in the face of *death*, on the fourth day after the battle of Waterloo, are admitted to have sealed the doom of Bonaparte ; and contemporary accounts affirm, that, when the Emperor heard Lafayette was in the tribune, his agitation “gave signs that all was lost.” Lucien, in behalf of his brother, entreated, and appealed to their love of glory, their fidelity, their recent oaths. Lafayette replied, — “We *have* been faithful, — we have followed your brother to the sands of Egypt, — to the snows of Russia ; — the bones of Frenchmen, scattered in every region, attest our fidelity. — We will trust him no longer, — we will ourselves undertake the salvation of our country.”

But the day of liberation was not yet come. The Allies were masters of France, and arbiters in an order of things still repugnant to the principles of her truest friend ; and the shades of his retirement again received him. Thence the solicitations of the American government and people drew him, for a brief but brilliant period. We all remember 1824.



Who did not feel himself, after the transactions of that year, not simply happier, but a worthier citizen of a worthier government? Probably Europe herself never looked with more complacency on her illustrious citizen, than when he returned, with the collected glory of America beaming from his countenance.

In the interim between his return to France, and the occurrences which terminated the reign of Charles, he was a member of the representative chamber; and if ever Adams, Washington, Hamilton, or Jay, manfully asserted human rights, in that tribune did Lafayette, year after year, stand up their able, persevering, perspicacious, undaunted advocate. I was not aware, till the present occasion called for the investigation, how resolute, constant, and foreseeing were his efforts. No internal abandonment, no external neglect, that militated against the glorious principles which he believed, and we believe, must ultimately prevail, escaped his reprehension. The extension of suffrage, the instruction of the lower orders, an untrammelled press, an extension of the privilege of jury,—the meanness and impolicy of refusing assent to South American independence, bitter denunciations of the crusade against the Spanish Cortes, contemptuous sarcasms on half-way measures for the establishment of Greece, execrations on peace or pact with the crowned Assassin of Portugal,—these are some of the themes with which that hall resounded. All these interests, all these nations, have reached, or

are rapidly attaining, the position he desired for them.

His voice was not unheard or unfelt through France ; though the blindness of predestined ruin seemed to have fallen on her Rulers. The appointment of the last ministry gave a note of warning ; the publication, by that ministry, of the ordinances of 1830, in utter violation of the Charter, formed a crisis, which, during three days, drenched the streets of Paris with revolutionary blood. But these were honorable stains ; drops which New England might have shed.

Did we not, my countrymen, when parting with Lafayette, feel as if tendering our grateful homage to a veteran whose day of usefulness was past ? Which of us supposed, that his great hour was yet in store ? But Providence was reserving him for a ripened time ; — and then enabled him, by the mere force of personal influence, to bestow on France the object of all his sufferings, toils, and vows ; — placed in his hand the crown of Capet, and gave to his mouth such final efficacy, that when he said to Louis Philippe, “ Be thou a Constitutional King,” — then, and not till then, the nation, with a solemn unity, answered, Amen !

These are facts which you can all verify, and which must not be accepted as pardonable embellishments. At the moment when the insurrection became victorious, when the Bourbon was unseated, and the throne, — as a bauble, or as a prize, — was at the mercy of roused and clashing parties, — then,

along with the fears of anarchy, came recollections of that Friend, whom none ever sorrowed for having trusted. As if by necromancy, the National Guard started into being, and planted their standards round Lafayette. Once more, as on the great day of Federation, he suddenly found himself at the head of the whole military of the kingdom. Gladly would we particularize, gladly adduce proofs, which are abundant, and at hand. It would be easy to show you the French people, like men come to their right minds, standing before him, in the attitude of filial reverence ; and heaping upon him, as if in expiation of their former abandonment, every honor, trust, and token. Many came to him in the interval, ere the establishment of the government, and entreated him to assume the reins. The men of the Three Days, with their swords smoking in their hands, besought and besieged him to be their President,—*now*, to found their long-desired, long-despaired of, Republic. Here, as ever, his firm convictions were proof against mere popular desire, as well as the temptation of personal aggrandizement. We could show you the great fundamental principles which he *made sure of*, while the power was in his hand. We could enumerate those rights and privileges which he summed up in the phrase, “*A popular throne surrounded by republican institutions*,”—which he pledged himself to the yet agitated and undecided chiefs to obtain for them,—and did obtain,—as guaranties which the Revolution had a right to exact.

No particular allusion is necessary to the course of politics under the new government. Differences of opinion are inseparable from free institutions, and Lafayette was too wise to dream of gratitude from politicians. He must have anticipated jealousies ; and, after having insured the great objects, he hastened to retire from his preëminence ; but not from his humbler station as a watchman in the chamber of representatives. There he remained, with his hand upon the Charter, neither to be seduced, persuaded, nor deceived, — dragging into the clear light of common sense and morality, every threatened abandonment of solemn pledges ; and bringing to bear on the rags and remnants of old prejudices and arbitrary principles, the destructive focus of constitutional illumination.

It may be just noticed as we pass, that at the breaking out of the insurrection in Brussels, the Belgian Deputies successively tendered him the presidency and the crown. These overtures were treated by him with grateful respect. But he advised them to choose the head of their government from among their fellow-citizens ; and declared, for himself, that he believed his presence in France more useful to foreign liberty than it could be elsewhere.

This is the man whom some have called feeble, — some dangerous, — whose sincere attachment to liberty Pitt denied ; whom Burke accused of all the calamities of France ; whom Metternich, Miguel, and others less consistent, reviled to the last hour

of his life, and would defraud of the honors inseparable from his memory. The First Consul uttered sometimes emphatic truths. He once said to Lafayette: "The Despots hate us all, but the hatred they bear me is nothing, compared to that they bear you."

That high proof of attachment to principles, — the disregard of forms, — was strikingly manifested by Lafayette. He was exposed among us to become fanatically republican, — to confound the form with the essence, — like some of our spiritual friends, to stickle for the Hierarchy rather than for God. But he saw the real necessities of his country, and, in the spirit of Christian philanthropy, labored to supply them with the least practicable hazard. A reformer less attached to liberty would have accepted nothing short of a Republic: he refused to abandon the Monarchy.

Yet the philosophical Burke, whose mind could dart forward and backward with so sublime a ken, overlooking the long course of tyranny, prodigality, and vice, which had corrupted, beggared, and maddened the French people, lays on the head of Lafayette the crimes of the Revolution. If fiction is poetry, here are claims! No splendor of talent, no bursts of chivalrous feeling over the sufferings of royalty and beauty, should seduce us to pardon assertions so unfounded, prejudices so monstrous. — Why have all nations who love the name of freedom, naturalized him, and set up his image among their household gods? — Let him who *dare*, pro-

nounce his condemnation in the mountain fastness of the Greek, — or in the market-place of Warsaw. When Poland, who had, for years, sent out her sons to bleed in the battles of Napoleon, on the bare *hope* of being recompensed with independence ; encouraged by the example, and decided by the language of France, drew out her bruised buckler, and displayed, once more, her emblem, to whom did she cry ? to whom did she stretch out her hands for aid ? And when those hordes, nameless and accursed, were gathering round her falling banner and her dying struggles, whose voice rang through the French Chambers louder than the shriek of Cassandra, incessant and unsparing as the outcry of a prophet, — War ! war ! — for the preservation of a betrayed and gallant people, for the redemption of our plighted faith, for a barrier between ourselves and the Barbarians of the North. — The charges to which we have been alluding, are among those signal falsities which Statesmen, to serve their purpose or their party, sometimes dare to utter.

Let me not, by these remarks, fall under the suspicion of intending disrespect to England, or her illustrious men. Such a motive is earnestly abjured. She is our Parent : — her cliffs guarded our Ark and Candlestick : — and, were she not, — *we* would not disparage that marvellous Island, whose power stands on its narrow base, like an inverted Pyramid ; whose grapples take hold at the four winds ; and whose battle-ships collect like the monsters of the deep. But that energetic nation has been obliged

to acknowledge us to be "bone of her bone"; and, in arriving at that conviction, events have happened grating to her pride. She has been our mistress and superior; we have become her emancipated equal:—profiting by her history and laws, we have constructed a system, varying from hers, but believed by many to be better adapted to the present wants and future exigencies of man. Boastful of her freedom, she suddenly beholds a nation, with a broader charter than her own; dominant on the sea, she finds a competitor who challenges comparisons; all-grasping in her commerce, she meets keels not surmounted by the cross of St. George, in every haven of the globe: her own people clamor, and she is compelled to reform after our model; they forsake her, and our bosom is open to receive them. Hence the rancor of that party, which stands sentinel on her old institutions, and whose business it is to cry down the principles and men of an adverse spirit. Hence the temper of part of her periodical press, and the derisive babbling of her tourists. Were we only philosophical enough to apply to nations the individual traits of human nature, instead of irritation, all these things would cause complacency; as proofs of the aspect, to transatlantic eyes, of our horoscope, whose figures and fortunes those watchful Sages are never weary of casting. These considerations, borne in mind, might serve to rectify our opinions and our temper, when studying a certain class of British writers. But, though self-respect, and self-reliance, are laudable and wise, we

would not commend to imitation those who make a premature vaunt of our institutions, and act as if already authorized to state injurious contrasts.— When our Constitution shall have been proved by the changes of as many centuries; been buffeted by as many civil commotions and external wars; or, when the unknown perils, (whatever they may be,) wrapped up in a thousand years, shall have discharged their bolts,—if then, our Oak, like the British, bear aloft its unscathed head,—let those who sit under its shadow, look back, and praise the brave and wise who planted, the faithful and eloquent who defended. We would not speak the language of discouragement, but must acknowledge, that a shade has fallen on the bright anticipation which once broke from an exulting heart, when contemplating the work of our fathers and founders:

They were the Watchmen by an Empire's cradle,
Whose youthful sinews show like Rome's;
Whose head tempestuous rears the ice-encrusted cap,
Sparkling with Polar splendors, while her skirts
Catch perfumes from the Isles; whose Trident, yet,
Must awe in either ocean; whose strong hand
Freedom's immortal banner grasps, and waves
Its starry promise o'er the envying world.

The province of our day is not to boast, but to be watchful;—severely to measure our public servants by the patterns of a purer time;—to see that the life of our institutions does not perish by a spurious administration of them; and that we remain

not, like blind enthusiasts, with the *corpse* of the Constitution in our embraces. Is this the feeling in which we discharge the duties of our trust? Are the tests of ability, and fidelity, unsparingly applied to public men? Are party interests, State heresies, sectional cabals, and all merely base and selfish considerations, trodden under foot, while our eyes are glancing forward to the good of all, and upward for the approbation of Heaven? — Without such a spirit we have no right to anticipate perpetuity. — Without virtue there cannot be happiness. Is there, or is there not, a falling off? — Does the noble and self-sacrificing character of our early day harmonize with the spirit of these times?

That *political* virtue is not a phantom, — a mere phrase of cabala, for the use of demagogues, — but a *reality*, powerful, and, at last, *prevalent* in great affairs, is a truth emphatically taught by the life of Lafayette; — and forms its appropriate *moral*.

Men of greater intellectual force, though none of truer sagacity, figured with him on the theatre of Europe. Where are they? — and where is the testimony of their works? — Behold the greatest of them all! — His car is unharnessed, — his monuments are crumbling, — his landmarks are removed, — his blood is extinct: — the hecatombs which strewed his path have, at best, served only to prepare the ground for the growth of principles at variance with the whole spirit of his life.

Finally; in connexion with the future, let us not magnify ourselves, but our *office*, — as Pilots and

Discoverers, in seas which the Ancient world could never navigate ; let us bear alway in mind, that on our faithful soundings, and constant watch, the universal weal depends. Our flag, yet flying in advance of the convoy of Nations, is regarded by those who follow, as their light and guide : if shallows, rocks, or mutiny, destroy us, the region of our stranded wreck is one which no political Columbus will dare hereafter to explore.

NOTE.

As a sample of the state of things in France, before and after the Revolution of 1789, take the following passages.

“ Before the Revolution, the land in France was held by various tenures, almost all of which were decidedly and extremely unfavorable to agriculture. The manor rents of the clergy have been variously estimated. Condorcet, in his ‘ Life of Turgot,’ gives it as his opinion, that the clergy enjoyed near a fifth part of the property of the kingdom. Necker calculated their revenue at 130,000,000 livres ; but it is probable, that their manor rents may fairly be estimated to have amounted to about 120,000,000 of livres, or 4,800,000*l.* sterling, exclusive of their tithes, which may be rated at about 3,600,000*l.* sterling. The domains of the crown and of the princes of the blood rented for about 1,200,000*l.* sterling ; the feudal and honorary dues paid to the nobility, with *corvées*, militia, &c., amounted at least to 5,000,000*l.* sterling. Besides, the government drew from the produce of agriculture the sum of 8,000,000*l.* sterling. In short, it has been calculated, that, exclusive of the rents of land paid to the lay-proprietors, and of the duties of excise, consumption, and the like, the produce of the soil was charged annually with upwards of 21,000,000*l.* sterling.

“ But agriculture labored under disadvantages still more discouraging and oppressive, previously to the Revolution ; to understand and estimate which, it will be necessary to consider the different modes of occupying land. In the *first* place, there were the small properties of the peasants.” These are stated to have been scattered about in a degree hardly to be expected, “ in the midst of the enormous possessions and oppressive privileges of the nobility and clergy,” but so minutely divided, that “ poverty and misery were too visible.”

"The *second* mode of possessing land was by a money rent." "These tenures, upon a moderate estimate, before the Revolution, did not exist in more than a sixth or a seventh of the kingdom.

"Feudal tenures were the *third* mode of occupying land, and they were scattered in a greater or less degree through the whole kingdom. These feudal tenures were fiefs granted by the seigneurs of the parishes, under a reservation of fines, quitrents, forfeitures, services, &c. As they formed the most oppressive evil under which agriculture labored previously to the Revolution, and from which that event must certainly be allowed the merit of having freed it, it may be proper to notice some of them. Even to enumerate the whole of these oppressions would far exceed our limits ; and, indeed, the English language does not supply terms by which many of them can be expressed.

"Among the more mild and tolerable of these feudal tenures, may be mentioned the obligation the tenant was under, of grinding his corn at the mills of the seigneur only ; of pressing his grapes at his press only ; of baking his bread in his oven. The peasantry in Brittany were obliged to beat the waters in marshy districts, to keep the frogs silent, in order that the lady of the seigneur, during her lying-in, might not be disturbed by their noise. In short, every petty oppression which could render the lives of the peasantry miserable, or interfere with the operations of agriculture, was authorized by these feudal tenures ; though it must be confessed, that, before the Revolution, some of the seigneurs, convinced of their injustice as well as impolicy, forebore to exact them. Nor were the oppressions of the feudal tenures the only ones to which agriculture was exposed. There were numerous edicts for preserving the game, which prohibited weeding and hoeing, lest the young partridges should be disturbed ; steeping seed, lest it should injure the game ; manuring with night soil, lest the flavor of the partridges should be injured, by feeding on the corn so produced ; mowing hay before a certain time, (so late as to spoil many crops,) and taking away the

stubble, which would deprive the birds of shelter. These were oppressions, to which all the tenants of land, as well as those who held under feudal tenures, and even the proprietors of land, in many cases, were exposed. The latter, indeed, were dreadfully tormented by what were called the *Capitainries*, which, as affecting them in some measure, as the feudal tenures affected the farmers, may be noticed under this head. By this term was to be understood, the paramountship of certain districts, granted by the King to princes of the blood, by which they were put in possession of the property of all game, even on lands which did not belong to them, and even on *manors* granted long before to individuals; so that by this paramountship all manorial rights were annihilated. The privileges thus conferred, were most grievous and oppressive; for by game was understood whole droves of wild boars, and herds of deer not confined, but wandering over the whole country, to the destruction of the crops; and if any person presumed to kill them, he was liable to be sent to the galleys. It may easily be conceived, that the minute vexations, as well as the more prominent tyrannies, to which the feudal tenures gave rise, would occasion frequent disputes between the seigneur and his tenants; but the latter preferred submitting to them, rather than appealing to the decision of judges, who were absolutely dependent on the seigneurs.

“We may here also notice the *corvées*,* as one of the taxes peculiarly oppressive and injurious to agriculture, though not confined to the tenure we are now considering. By the *corvées*, individuals were obliged to mend the roads by their personal labor; hence it is evident, that this tax must have fallen exclusively on the poor; or if it was performed by those who kept laborers, it must have deprived them of the means of fully attending to their agricultural operations. This tax was not only impolitic, insomuch as it placed the repair of the roads under the care of those who were totally destitute of the little skill requisite for such a task, but it was an easy engine of oppression; for, under the pretence that

* *Corvée*, a service due by a tenant to a landlord.

the work might be done without interruption, those who were liable to the *corvée* had it frequently allotted to them at some leagues from their habitations. Besides these *corvées*, which were an oppression to agriculture over the whole of France, there were the military *corvées*, which fell only on the villages lying in the route of the troops; the inhabitants of which were obliged to leave their occupation, however inconvenient and injurious it might be, and repair the roads along which the soldiers were to travel. Such are a few of the oppressions under which agriculture in France labored, previously to the Revolution, arising either from the feudal tenures, or from the more general operation of the laws and measures of government, the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and the usages of the country.

"The *fourth* mode of occupying land, resembled that which is common in Ireland, and which is there complained of as a great grievance, and as the source of much misery and oppression. Men possessed of some property, hired great tracts of land at a money rent, and re-let it in small divisions to *métayers*, who paid half the produce."

"The *last* tenure was that of the *métayer*. These are a species of farmers, who gradually succeeded the slave cultivation of ancient times, and who (in Latin, called *coloni partiarum*) have been so long in disuse in England, that there is no English name for them. They may be generally described, as supplying the labor necessary to cultivate the land, while the proprietor furnished them with the seed, cattle, and instruments of husbandry." "Before the Revolution, seven eighths of the lands in France were held under this tenure;" i. e. under some one of its various forms. "It is scarcely necessary to point out the miserable state of agriculture, where the system of metaying prevails. In the first place, it proves a lamentable deficiency of agricultural capital; and in the second, it has a manifest tendency to perpetuate this evil, and to keep the tenant in the lowest state of dependence, misery, and poverty. In some parts of France, the *métayers* were so poor, and consequently so dependent on their landlords,

that they were almost every year obliged to borrow from them their bread, before the harvest came round.

“Such were the tenures of land before the Revolution. Let us now inquire what effects that event has produced on them, and on the condition of the agricultural class in general.

“In the first place, the number of small properties have been considerably increased in all parts of France. The national domains, which consisted of the confiscated estates of the church and emigrant nobility, were exposed to sale during the pecuniary distresses of the revolutionary government. For the accommodation of the lowest order of purchasers, they were divided into small portions, and five years were allowed for completing the payment. In consequence of this indulgence, and of the depreciation of *assignats*, the poorest classes of the peasantry were enabled to become proprietors, possessing from one to ten acres.”

“In the second place, hiring at money rent is much more general since the Revolution ; and if France continues quiet, and recovers from the injurious consequences of the Revolution, it may reasonably be expected, that this species of tenure will become more and more prevalent.

“In the third place, feudal tenures are done away, as well as tithes, game laws, *corvées*, &c. In some parts, however, the tenants, by their covenants with their landlords, are still bound to perform some services, but, by the law, they must be entirely of an agricultural description.

“In the fourth place, the two other species of tenure, that is, monopoly, where men of property hired great tracts of land at a money rent, and re-let it in small divisions, and the system of metaying, still exist, though not nearly to such an extent, or in such an oppressive and ruinous form, as before the Revolution. Indeed, when we consider, that these species of tenure were the unavoidable and necessary consequences of inadequate agricultural capital, we cannot expect that they should be abolished by the mere operation of law, or by the direct effects of any revolution, however wisely plan-

ned and carried into execution. If, however, we find that they gradually die away, which seems to be the case, we may safely and rationally maintain, that the Revolution, besides the direct benefits which it has bestowed on agriculture, by the abolition of feudal tenures and partial and oppressive taxes, has indirectly proved advantageous to this first of all arts, by placing in the hands of those who pursue it, more adequate capital.

“Such are the benefits which the Revolution has conferred on the agriculture of France, and which have manifested themselves, notwithstanding the military despotism, which, after exhausting and weakening her for the purpose of enslaving the continent of Europe, has at length brought down upon her a just retribution for her too ready acquiescence in its schemes. These, however, are only partial and temporary evils; and we may confidently predict, that, when they are passed away, the agriculture of France, which, from her excellent climate and easily worked soil, must always be the staple branch of her national industry, and the principal source from which she must draw her political influence and military power, will be found to have come out from the ordeal purified and refined, and the condition of her agricultural population in every respect greatly ameliorated.” — *New Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, second American edition, Vol. IX. pp. 405–407.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,

A
NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD,

— BY
THOMAS PERCY,

BISHOP OF DROMORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARWORTH CASTLE, in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the seashore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin historians, Coqueda,) which runs with a clear, rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep, romantic valley, are the remains of a Hermitage; of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses; for the former of these, which runs parallel with the chapel, appears to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is, however, very beautifully designed, and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church, or Cathedral, in miniature.

But what principally distinguishes the chapel, is a small tomb or monument on the south side of the altar;

on the top of which lies a female figure, extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited, praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary ; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches ; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed, the real image of the Blessed Virgin probably stood in a small niche, still visible behind the altar : whereas the figure of a Bull's head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures ; which, as well as the principal one above mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country, concerning the origin and foundation of this hermitage, tomb, &c., are delivered to the reader in the following rhymes.

It is universally believed, that the founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same Bertram that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel ; which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of King Henry the First, whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that

prevailed about the reign of King Edward the Third. And, indeed, that the sculpture in this chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb ; for Cambden informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward the Second.

These appearances, still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family, who lived at a later period.

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH,
A
NORTHUMBERLAND BALLAD.

CANTO I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak, hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And waked his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

“O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.”

“It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

“And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.”

“O ! trust in Heaven,” the Hermit said,
“And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.”

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light,
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice returned his call,
Quick answering from below :

“ O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanced to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

“ But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray ;
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatched her hence away.”

“ Praise Heaven, my son,” the Hermit said ;
“ The lady ’s safe and well ;”
And soon he joined the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They loved each other dear :
The youth he pressed her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright :
She in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatched up in hasty flight.

“ Sit down, my children,” says the Sage ;
“ Sweet rest your limbs require ; ”
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

“ Partake,” he said, “ my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ; ”
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

“ Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,”
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talked their cares away.

“ Now, say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail,)
What strange adventure brought you here,
Within this lonely dale ? ”

“ First tell me, father,” said the youth,
“ (Nor blame mine eager tongue,)
What town is near ? What lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ? ”

"Alas! my son," the Hermit said,

"Why do I live to say,

The rightful lord of these domains

Is banished far away?

"Ten winters now have shed their snows

On this my lowly hall,

Since valiant Hotspur (so the North

Our youthful lord did call)

"Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke

Led up his northern powers,

And, stoutly fighting, lost his life

Near proud Salopia's towers.

"One son he left, a lovely boy,

His country's hope and heir;

And, oh! to save him from his foes

It was his grandsire's care,

"In Scotland safe he placed the child

Beyond the reach of strife,

Nor long before the brave old Earl

At Bramham lost his life.

"And now the Percy name, so long

Our northern pride and boast,

Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;

Their honors reft and lost.

“No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

“Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

“Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

“Those towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o’erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

“Meantime, far off, ’mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown ;
On strangers’ bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

“O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss !”
He said, and dropt a tear.

“And is the Percy still so loved
Of all his friends and thee?
Then bless me, father,” said the youth,
“For I, thy guest, am he.”

Silent he gazed, then turned aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Poured blessings on his head:

“Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,
Thy country’s hope and care:—
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair?”

“Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienced youth.

“In Scotland I’ve been nobly bred,
Beneath the Regent’s hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore,
To fit me for command.

“With fond impatience long I burned
My native land to see:

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun’s *Scoti-Chronicon*, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

“Then up and down, in hunter’s garb,
I wandered as in chase,
Till in the noble Neville’s * house
I gained a hunter’s place.

“Some time I lived with him unknown,
Till I ’d the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That Baron’s daughter fair.”

“Now, Percy,” said the blushing maid,
“The truth I must reveal ;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

“It happened on a summer’s day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

“Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seized me for their prey.

* Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Raby Castle, in the Bishopric of Durham.

“ My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
 But Heaven, that saw my grief,
 Brought this brave youth within my call,
 Who flew to my relief.

“ With nothing but his hunting-spear
 And dagger in his hand,
 He sprung like lightning on my foes,
 And caused them soon to stand.

“ He fought, till more assistance came ;
 The Scots were overthrown ;
 Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
 To make me more his own.”

“ O, happy day !” the youth replied :
 “ Blest were the wounds I bare !
 From that fond hour she deigned to smile,
 And listen to my prayer.

“ And when she knew my name and birth,
 She vowed to be my bride ;
 But oh ! we feared (alas, the while !)
 Her princely mother’s pride :

“ Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
 Our house’s ancient foe,
 To me, I thought, a banished wight,
 Could ne’er such favor show.

“Despairing then to gain consent,
 At length to fly with me
 I won this lovely, timorous maid;
 To Scotland bound are we.

“This evening, as the night drew on,
 Fearing we were pursued,
 We turned adown the right-hand path,
 And gained this lonely wood:

“Then lighting from our weary steeds
 To shun the pelting shower,
 We met thy kind conducting hand,
 And reached this friendly bower.”

“Now rest ye both,” the Hermit said;
 “Awhile your cares forego;
 Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed;
 — We ’ll pass the night below.” *

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

CANTO II.

LOVELY smiled the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled ;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheered him with her sight :
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watched the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpowered her breast !
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride ! —

“ Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet ;
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.”

“ O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand ?
When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand ?

“For thee I left a father’s smiles,
And mother’s tender care ;
And, whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.”

“And wilt thou, then, O generous maid !
Such matchless favor show,
To share with me, a banished wight,
My peril, pain, or woe ?

“Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast ;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

“Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee : *

“’T is father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed ;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Tinemouth Abbey.

“To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.”

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mixed
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they viewed,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And, near, a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There, decked with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees, in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scooped within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows :
The chief a chapel, neatly arched,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession framed,
And Holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And, near, a glimmering, solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
 Leaned hovering o'er her breast :
A weeping warrior at her feet :
 And near to these her crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, what hapless dame
 Lies sculptured here so fair.

The Hermit sighed, the Hermit wept,
 For sorrow scarce could speak :
At length he wiped the trickling tears
 That all bedewed his cheek :

“Alas ! my children, human life
 Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale
 Which ye so fain would know.”

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c., here described, are still visible ; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

"Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

"Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valor tried.

"Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dewdrop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

"Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place ; *
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

"Many a lord and many a knight
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

* Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

“Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

“But she with studied, fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

“‘That heart,’ she said, ‘is lightly prized,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.’

“Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick’s princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His Chiefs and Barons all.

“With wassel, mirth, and revelry,
The Castle rung around ;
Lord Percy called for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

“The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

"The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.*

"Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came;
And, from his Norman Castles won,
Assumed the Percy name.†

"They sung how, in the Conqueror's fleet,
Lord William shipped his powers,
And gained a fair young Saxon bride,
With all her lands and towers.‡

"Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died:
But first the silver Crescent won,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

* See Dugdale's Baronage, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname of De Percy.

‡ William de Percy, (fifth in descent from Galfred, or Gefrey de Percy, son of Mainfred,) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte, (so the Norman writers name her,) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along

“ They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The Queen’s own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred. *

“ How he the Percy name revived,
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country’s cause,
With godlike ardor shine.

“ With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master’s song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honor and generosity, married : for, having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, “ he (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them in discharging of his conscience.” See Harl. MSS. 692. (26.) He died in Asia, in the first Crusade.

* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother of Queen Adeliza, second wife of King Henry the First. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son, Lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-five Barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

“ Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When lo ! a damsel young and fair
Stepped forward through the hall.

“ She Bertram courteously addressed ;
And kneeling on her knee ; —
‘ Sir Knight, the Lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.’

“ Then forth she drew a glittering helm
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnished gold.

“ ‘ Sir Knight, thy Lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast proved this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are tried.’

“ Young Bertram took the shining helm,
And thrice he kissed the same ;
‘ Trust me, I ’ll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.’

“ Lord Percy, and his Barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppressed,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

“ The knights assembled on the hills,
A thousand horse and more ;
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

“ Tweed’s limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

“ As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters’ cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

“ Attendant on their Chief’s command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel, keen debate.

“ A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy marked their gallant mien,
And thus his friend addressed :

“ ‘ Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady’s helm,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I ’ll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.’

“ Young Bertram bowed, with glad assent,
And spurred his eager steed,
And, calling on his Lady's name,
Rushed forth with whirlwind speed.

“ As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely 'mid opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

“ This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

“ Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round :
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

“ The vigor of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When pond'rous fell a Scottish axe,
And clave his lifted shield.

“ Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain ;
That beauteous helm, his Lady's gift !
—— His blood bedewed the plain.

“Lord Percy saw his champion fall,
Amid the unequal fight ;
‘ And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let ’s save this gallant knight.’

“Then rushing in, with stretched-out shield
He o’er the warrior hung :
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

“ Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

“ Now gathering round on every part
The battle raged amain ;
And many a Lady wept her Lord,
That hour untimely slain.

“Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage showed ;
And all the field was strewed with dead,
And all with crimson flowed.

“ At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wond’rous valor shown,
They slowly quit the field.

“ All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair Castle bore. *

“ ‘ Well hast thou earned my daughter's love,’
Her father kindly said ;
‘ And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.’

“ A message went, no daughter came ;
Fair Isabel ne'er appears :
‘ Beshrew me,’ said the aged chief,
‘ Young maidens have their fears.

“ ‘ Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride ;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.’

“ Sir Bertram at her name revived,
He blessed the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And healed his ghastly wound.

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

CANTO III.

“ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would-go see.

“A brother he had, in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen ;
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

“All day o’er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And ’t was the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

“Most drear and dark the Castle seemed,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram called,
Ere he beheld a light.

“At length her aged nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear :
‘What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ?’

“ ‘T is Bertram calls, thy Lady’s love,
Come from his bed of care :
All day I ’ve ridden o’er moor and moss
To see thy Lady fair.’

“ ‘Now out, alas !’ she loudly shrieked,
‘ Alas ! how may this be ?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.’

“ ‘Sad terror seized Sir-Bertram’s heart,
And oft he deeply sighed ;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

“ ‘Six days, young knight, are past and gone
Since she set out to thee ;
And sure, if no sad harm had happed,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

“ ‘For, when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas ! I ’ve slain the comeliest knight,
All through my folly and pride !

“ ‘And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I ’ll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.

“ ‘Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day ;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way.’

“ ‘Sad terror smote Sir Bertram’s heart,
And grief o’erwhelmed his mind :
‘Trust me,’ said he, ‘I ne’er will rest
Till I thy Lady find.’

“ ‘That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad-boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

“ ‘Now, brother, we ’ll our ways divide,
O’er Scottish hills to range ;
Do thou go north, and I ’ll go west ;
And all our dress we ’ll change.

“ ‘Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And bore her to his den ;
And ne’er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored agen.’

“ ‘The brothers straight their paths divide,
O’er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

“ Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

“ Sometimes a minstrel’s garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O’er every dale and hill.

“ One day as he sate under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim passed him by,
Who marked his face of care.

“ ‘ All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee ;
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be ! ’

“ ‘ Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find.’

“ ‘ Cheer up, my son ; perchance, (he said,)
Some tidings I may bear ;
For oft when human hopes have failed,
Then heavenly comfort’s near.

“ ‘ Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a Castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

“ ‘ As late I chanced to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a Lady’s voice
Lamenting in the tower.

“ ‘ And when I asked’ what harm had happed,
What Lady sick there lay,
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.’

“ ‘ These tidings caught Sir Bertram’s ear,
He thanked him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o’er the hills,
And soon he reached the vale.

“ ‘ Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he ’gan to blow.

“ ‘ Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a minstrel’s song ?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong ? ’

“ ‘ My lord,’ he said, ‘ is not at home
To hear a minstrel’s song :
And, should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.’

“ He played again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter’s ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

“ ‘ Minstrel, (he said,) thou play’st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win ;
But, alas, I ’m sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

“ ‘ Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou ’lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.’

“ All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

“ The first night, as he silent watched,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady’s voice
Lamenting in the tower.

“The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his Lady through the grate,
But ’t was a transient view.

“The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seized his sword,
And to the Castle hied.

“When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o’er the moat was newly laid
A poplar, strong and tall.

“And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

“Amazed, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

“Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly.
But what can ’scape the lover’s ken ?
Or shun his piercing eye ?

“ With silent steps he follows close
 Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm,
 With fond, familiar air.

“ ‘ Thanks, gentle youth,’ she often said ;
 ‘ My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contrived !
 For me what dangers run !

“ ‘ And ever shall my grateful heart
 Thy services repay :’ —
Sir Bertram could no further hear,
 But cried, ‘ Vile traitor, stay !

“ ‘ Vile traitor, yield that lady up !’ —
 And quick his sword he drew.
The stranger turned in sudden rage,
 And at Sir Bertram flew.

“ With mortal hate their vigorous arms
 Gave many a vengeful blow :
But Bertram’s stronger hand prevailed,
 And laid the stranger low.

“ ‘ Die, traitor, die !’ — A deadly thrust
 Attends each furious word.
Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
 And rushed beneath his sword.

“ ‘ O stop,’ she cried, ‘ O stop thy arm !
Thou dost thy brother slay ! ’ ” —
And here the Hermit paused and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, “ Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest ?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabbed her breast.”

“ Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate ! ” they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they :
They sighed ; he hung his head.

“ O blind and jealous rage,” he cried,
“ What evils from thee flow ? ”
The Hermit paused ; they silent mourned :
He wept, and they were woe.

“ Ah ! when I heard my brother’s name,
And saw my Lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

“ In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound ;
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

“My brother, alas ! spake never more,
His precious life was flown.
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

“‘Bertram,’ she said, ‘be comforted,
And live to think on me :
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

“‘Bertram,’ she said, ‘I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

“‘For thee, I left my father’s hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo ! near Cheviot’s fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief,

“‘Lord Malcolm’s son, whose proffered love,
I had refused with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seized on me,
Upon that fatal morn :

“‘And in these dreary, hated walls
He kept me close confined ;
And fondly sued, and warmly pressed,
To win me to his mind.

“Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear!
When, wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

“He quickly formed this brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

“Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride!’

“Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting, fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

“In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay:

“And, rising up in furious haste,
I seized the bloody brand:*

* i. e. sword.

A sturdy arm here interposed,
And wrenched it from my hand.

“ A crowd that from the Castle came,
Had missed their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barred.

“ It chanced, that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,
And strove to soothe my pain.

“ And soon those honored, dear remains
To England were conveyed ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites, were laid.

“ For me, I loathed my wretched life,
And oft to end it sought ;
Till time, and thought, and holy men
Had better counsels taught.

“ They raised my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

"No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

"The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild :

"My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here, a lonely anchorite,
I came to end my days.

"This sweet, sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove ;
For oft beside this murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

"My noble friend approved my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave :
And here I carved her beauteous form,
And scooped this holy cave.

"Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I 've lingered here ;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

“ And thou, dear brother of my heart !
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

“ Yet not unpitied passed my life,
Forsaken or forgot ;
The Percy and his noble Son,
Would grace my lowly cot.

“ Oft the great Earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour.

“ But length of life is length of woe !
I lived to mourn his fall :
I lived to mourn his godlike Son, *
Their friends and followers all.

“ But thou the honors of thy race,
Loved youth, shalt now restore :
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.”

He ceased, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid ;

* Hotspur.

While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old sire ;
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favor found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her nephew's † throne
The royal grace implored :
To all the honors of his race
The Percy was restored.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admired his beauteous dame :
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

† King Henry the Fifth, A. D. 1414.

NOTE.

The account given in the foregoing Ballad of young Percy, the son of Hotspur, receives the following confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby :

“ Henry Percy, the son of Sir Henry Percy, that was slayne at Shrewesbery, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of his father and grauntsyre, was exild into Scotland * in the time of King Henry the Fourth : but in the time of King Henry the Fifth, by the labour of Johanne the Countes of Westmerland, (whose daughter Alianor he *had wedded in coming into England*,) he recovered the King's grace, and the countye of Northumberland, so was the second Erle of Northumberland.

“ And of this Alianor his wife, he begat IX Sonnes and III Daughters, whose names be Johanne, that is buried at Whytbye ; Thomas, Lord Egremont ; Katheryne Gray of Rythin ; Sir Raffe Percy ; William Percy, a Bishopp ; Richard Percy ; John, that dyed *without issue* ; [another John, called by Vincent, † Johannes Percy senior de Warkworth ;] George Percy, Clerk ; Henry that dyed *without issue* ; Anne ;” — [besides the eldest son and successor here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.]

“ Henry Percy, the third Erle of Northumberland.”

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the British Museum.

* i. e. remained an exile in Scotland during the reign of King Henry the Fourth. *In Scotiâ exulavit tempore Henrici Regis Quarti.* Lat. MSS. penes Duc. North.

† See his Great Baronage, No. 20, in the Herald's office.

THE END.

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